RAMBLES FARTHER:

A

CONTINUATION

OF

RURAL WALKS:

BRITISH MUSEUM

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CONTINUATION

OF

RURAL WALKS:

IN DIALOGUES.

INTENDED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

DUBLIN:

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1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY GEORGIANA CAVENDISH.

MADAM,

THE favourable opinion expreſſed by the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, of the little Work to which this is a Sequel, induced me to ſolicit permiſſion to dedicate theſe Volumes to your Ladyſhip.

While I recollect all the acts of kindneſs I have experienced from her Grace, I can find no terms to expreſs my ſenſe of them, that do not ſeem to border too much on thoſe of the (frequently inſincere) adulation uſed in common Dedications.

But I certainly advance no more than I believe to be exactly true, when I ſay, that in enjoying that internal ſatisfaction which

which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of good and benevolent deeds, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire has alſo the happineſs of ſeeing in her daughter thoſe amiable qualities that have rendered her Grace ſo greatly beloved by her friends, as well as the boaſt and ornament of her country.

May it be your felicity, Madam, to emulate and to reward the tendernneſs of ſuch a mother!

Your LADYSHIP'S
moſt obliged and
devoted Servant,
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

May 16, 1796.

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RAMBLES FARTHER.

DIALOGUE. I.

THE LITTLE WEST INDIAN.

COLONEL CECIL and his Caroline were ſettled at a ſmall but beautiful houſe, ſituated near the foot of a woody hill, which ſheltered it from the unfriendly North Eaſt. In front, over a ſmall lawn fringed with ſhrubs, and ſhaded by a few venerable beeches, appeared the Channel, and behind was a lofty ridge of chalky downs, enlivened by innumerable flocks of ſheep, and in ſome places varied with woods of aſh and beech.

Within an eaſy morning's ride of his ſiſter, and happy in the improving graces of his daughter, Colonel Cecil ſeemed to be a man whoſe ſituation was to be envied—but his tranquillity was diſturbed by hearing, that Captain

Sedley, his moſt intimate friend, was dead in Jamaica, where he had ſome years before married and ſettled; and that to Colonel Cecil he had committed the management of his fortune and that of his three children, two of whom he had ordered to be immediately ſent to England, and placed there, as his executor ſhould direct; the other was yet an infant. The letter which contained this intelligence was brought by a negro ſervant, who informed the Colonel, that he had attended his "young Maſſa and "little Miſs" to London from Portſmouth, where they landed; and that, at the houſe of the merchant with whom Captain Sedley correſponded, they awaited the Colonel's orders.

However unwilling he was to leave his retirement, this obliged Mr. Cecil to go to London, which, after a ſhort conſultation with Mrs. Woodfield, he determined to do immediately, in order to acquit himſelf towards the memory of his friend, who had entruſted him with ſo ſacred a charge.—Caroline in the mean

mean time remained with her aunt, who in a few days received from Colonel Cecil the following letter:

"You muſt adviſe me, my dear ſiſter, "how to act in regard to my little wards, "for whom I already feel great anxiety. "The boy, a fine little fellow almoſt nine "years old, has been ſo ſpoiled on one "hand and neglected on the other, that "he muſt be placed immediately at ſome "proper ſchool, and I have choſen that "where your younger boys have done ſo "well—but the little girl is the moſt in- "tereſting little creature I have ever ſeen, "and I cannot diſpoſe of her, without "having your opinion—I almoſt fancy "you would be better pleaſed, if I were "to bring her down with me, and I know "you would take the trouble to inſtruct "my Caroline in the little preparations "it will be neceſſary to make for her, if "we indeed determine to ſend her to "ſchool. I find that miſtruſt of the con- "duct of his wife, which embittered the "life of my poor friend, and, I fear, "haſtened its cloſe, was the reaſon of

"the dying charge he gave to his execu-
"tor in Jamaica, to ſend over the two
"elder children to me immediately.—
"And his correſpondent hints to me,
"that it is highly probable the lady is
"by this time married again. Adviſe
"me whether to ſend my little charge to
"ſchool, or bring her down to Weſt
"Hill? There is one awkard circum-
"ſtance attending this latter plan; a
"black female ſervant, who brought her
"up, and from whom it will be very
"painful to wean her. I ſhould be ſorry
"to undertake this ſeparation myſelf,
"and therefore, I fear, Mimbah muſt
"accompany us. I expect to hear from
"you by the return of the poſt, and with
"moſt affectionate love to all the dear
"girls, I am yours moſt truly,

"G. C——."

Mrs. Woodfield plainly perceived from the purport of his letter, that her brother wiſhed to take into his own houſe, or that ſhe ſhould receive into her's, the infant daughter of his friend. Ever deſirous to gratify him, ſhe anſwered his letter

letter in ſuch a way as determined him; and in a few days, having firſt ſettled her brother at the ſchool, where his younger nephews were, he arrived with his Weſt Indian ward and her black attendant. The beauty and engaging ſimplicity of the little orphan, Ella Sedley, intereſted the whole party in her favour, while the affectionate heart of Mrs. Woodfield felt that tender compaſſion, which diſpoſed her to ſupply to her the place of the mother, who appeared to have abandoned her. She foreſaw alſo much advantage that might accrue to Caroline, from her being entruſted with the care of the little girl, of which ſhe found her extremely deſirous. In attending to the œconomy of her dreſs, to making and repairing the cloaths of her ward, ſhe would learn what would hereafter be ſolidly uſeful; and would herſelf acquire habits of patience and attention, by inſtructing her in ſuch things as ſhe was capable of learning.

The arrangement then was made, that little Ella ſhould be received into the Colonel's

Colonel's houſe, and be brought up under the care of Caroline, ſuperintended by her aunt. The two families, though inhabiting different houſes, lived almoſt continually together, and the daughters of Mrs. Woodfield were as much pleaſed as their couſin, with this little acquiſition to their ſociety.

Ella was now of their morning parties, while they ſat round the work-table; ſhe had never been taught to work, and Henrietta undertook to be her inſtructreſs; but her patience was put to very ſevere trials, and little Ella was often contriving how to eſcape from her aſſiduous teacher, to ſlide off to Mimbah, her dear Mimbah, who was ſo glad to ſet her upon her knee, and talk to her about "dere own dear country," or when the weather was not cold, ſaunter with her round the garden, then come ſhuddering in, and ſay, which Ella failed not to repeat, "Oh! dis England, col col place!" One morning in early ſpring, Ella who had been for a walk with her

ſable

ſable nurſe, entered with this exclamation, and went trembling to the fire.

Mrs. Woodfield. Does my little Ella then wiſh to leave this cold cold place, and go back to Jamaica?

Ella (ſighing). Oh no! not if I was to ſay "good bye" to you, my good Engliſh mamma!

Elizabeth. But you have another mamma, your own mamma there, Ella; and beſides you think it a pleaſanter place than this.

Ella. When papa was alive; but Mimbah ſay now, that poor papa is gone beyond, beyond blue mountains; and Ella never ſee him no more!

Mrs. Woodfield. And does Mimbah then wiſh to go back?

Ella. Mimbah love her own country beſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. You ſee now, my dear girls, how ſtrong is that habit which

which attaches even ſlaves to their native country, and that our ideas of the horrors of that ſtate we call ſlavery, cannot all be well founded, ſince this negro woman, who knows that ſhe is free here, who is miſtreſs of her time, and has every thing found for her, without any other work than the little attendance ſuch a child requires, prefers her own country where ſhe was a ſlave, and liable to be beaten or turned into the field on the caprice of her miſtreſs.

Caroline. How turned into the field?

Mrs. Woodfield. There are different ſets of ſlaves—ſome are employed, as we employ our ſervants, for domeſtic purpoſes, and are called houſe negroes; another ſet are occupied, I am ſorry to ſay, as we employ our horſes and oxen; while others are directed, like our carters and plowmen, to drive them. When an houſe ſervant miſbehaves, it is a frequent puniſhment to ſend them into the field, a circumſtance ſo mortifying to their pride, that it has been often known to drive them to deſpair and death.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Poor creatures! I am perſuaded, my dear mamma, that I ſhould be unhappy in that country; I could not bear to ſee my fellow creature in ſuch a ſtate.

Mrs. Woodfield. A perſon brought up there, and accuſtomed to it, has not the leaſt idea, that theſe unhappy men are of the ſame ſpecies; they no more feel hurt at ſeeing them compelled to labour or ſuffering puniſhment, than perſons in this, not accuſtomed to *think*, do, when they ſee a team of horſes, or a yoke of oxen, and the driver exerciſing his whip.

Caroline. And beſides the diſtreſs it would be to me to ſee theſe poor people, I ſhould be overcome with heat, and haraſſed with the inſects.

Mrs. Woodfield. Thoſe are undoubtedly inconveniences; but there are people who prefer, notwithſtanding, the luxries and conſequence they can enjoy in the colonies, to being confounded among the crouds of opulent people in

England, where they muſt pay very dear for the neceſſaries of life, which thoſe who have eſtates enjoy there in profuſion; as to the heat, their houſes are calculated to mitigate that inconvenience, and they have contrivances againſt being annoyed by the reptiles and inſects with which all hot countries are infeſted:—The ſcenery in many parts of the iſlands, is extremely beautiful.—In Jamaica there are trees, not only larger and more magnificent than the fineſt timber in England, but of perpetual verdure; and the forms of the palmeto, the cabbage-tree, and many others, are ſo unlike what Europeans are accuſtomed to ſee, that they give an air of grandeur and novelty to the landſcape not eaſy to deſcribe.—The ſea-ſhore abounds with ſhells of the greateſt variety and beauty, and what, perhaps, would be a much greater recommendation to ſome perſons, with excellent turtle.

Elizabeth. That could be only to epicures, mamma; for they are moſt diſguſting animals to look at. Is it of their ſhells,

ſhells, that combs and other things of that ſort are made?

Mrs. Woodfield. I underſtand, that the ſhell of the land tortoiſe is harder, and takes a much finer poliſh, but that it is more rare; and the combs, tooth-picks, and other things, we generally uſe are made of the upper ſhell of the amphibious tortoiſe, or turtle.—Theſe frequent the ſandy beach of the ſea in the Weſt Indies, where they conceal their eggs; and thoſe which eſcape the various animals that live upon them, are hatched by the heat of the ſun.—The eggs reſemble a ſtring of little balls, covered with ſomething like leather; and the inſtant the young turtles eſcape from their confinement, they uſe their fins to run into the ſea; where other enemies, as fiſh and birds, wait to devour them; ſo that out of the great number of eggs, which ſometimes amount to many hundreds, depoſited by a ſingle turtle, not one in ten attains the ſize which renders them an object to an epicure.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. And how are they caught, mamma?

Mrs. Woodfield. When they go on ſhore to lay their eggs, the negroes, who know the places they frequent, go down to the ſhore, and, intercepting their flight to the ſea, turn them, after which they have no power to uſe their fins, but remain a defenceleſs prey, till the perſons have collected as many as they can. Another way of taking them, is by ſtriking them with an inſtrument called a harpoon, as they float on the water. The air in theſe tropical regions is ſo much clearer than in Europe, at leaſt ſo much more ſo than the air of England, that objects at a great diſtance are ſeen more diſtinctly than here; and the ſame difference is obſerved in regard to the ſea—objects are ſeen many fathom under water with a clearneſs, ſuch as moſt limpid ſtreams hardly allow us.

Caroline. Yes, and ſo thoſe ſharks are ſeen, of which one has heard ſuch frightful ſtories, particularly one recited in a poem I was reading this morning.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. You mean that of Bryan and Percene, by a Doctor Grainger.—It is not in my mind an happy ſubject for a poem; it is too horrible and diſguſting.

Henrietta. What are ſharks?

Mrs. Woodfield. Very large and frightful fiſh, which devour not only other fiſh, but men.—They are moſt frequent in the tropical ſeas, but are ſometimes ſeen in the Bay of Biſcay; and ſmall ones have been taken even in the Channel.—Theſe hideous monſters follow the ſhips which we ſend to Guinea to convey ſlaves to our colonies; for of theſe unhappy men, women, and children, a great number die on their paſſage, and are thrown into the ſea.

Caroline. And what right have we to do this? It is ſhocking even to think of it.

Mrs. Woodfield. To your young and generous nature it appears ſo, as it muſt indeed to every unadulterated mind—but there

there are perſons who undertake to plead for it, on various grounds—firſt, on that of cuſtom; which is an argument that might equally be brought forward to ſupport any abuſe or wickedneſs: then on neceſſity; as if God had created one race of men, with neceſſities which could not be relieved but by the blood and tears of another.—Then, it is ſaid, that the negroes are happier, as ſlaves to Europeans, than they are in their own country.—This remains to be proved; and we can certainly never prove it.—I have converſed with perſons who have been preſent at negro ſales, and they have aſſured me, that ſo far from feeling themſelves happier, theſe miſerable victims of commercial avarice exhibit the moſt affecting ſymptoms of deſpondence and anguiſh.

Henrietta. But, mamma, why are they black?

Mrs. Woodfield. I can give you no other reaſon, than that it has pleaſed God to make them ſo; as it was his pleaſure to make us white.—Another race of men in

in North America are of a copper colour; and the Aſiatics, within certain degrees of the line, are of another ſhade of yellow.

Caroline. Pedro, my couſin Rivers's ſervant, whom he brought with him from the Eaſt Indies, is an Aſiatic, is he not?

Mrs. Woodfield. Yes, you remember he is not black like Mimbah, nor fair like Engliſh people, but of a tawny complexion, with ſtrait coarſe black hair; he came from Bengal: but in the northern parts of the Continent of Aſia, which is a part of China, the Chineſe and Tartars become fair, yet ſtill with a particular caſt of countenance.

Elizabeth. But Hottentots are black.

Mrs. Woodfield. Hottentots are Africans. The Cape of Good Hope is in Africa—and the natives differ little from the negroes we are accuſtomed to ſee.

Elizabeth. Some of the flowers I have ſeen in hot-houſes, come from theſe places;

places; that delicious Cape Jaſmine, and many others.—How charming the country muſt be, where ſuch lovely plants grow wild!

Mrs. Woodfield. We are apt to fancy ſo, becauſe we cultivate theſe plants here with difficulty, and value them in proportion to the trouble they give us—but the Hottentot, who perhaps paſſes by them as frequently as we do by the blackberry and the briar, has not, I believe, the reputation of loving perfumes, and undoubtedly, with the moſt perfect indifference, makes the little fire he has occaſion for, with the wood of plants, which we purchaſe here at a great expence, and hardly contrive to preſerve in a languid exiſtence by the help of artificial heat.

Henrietta. But we, mamma, who love plants, ſhould have pleaſure in ſeeing thoſe, which we admire here in an imperfect ſtate, grow in the perfection which they have in their native climate.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. I am not ſure of that, Henrietta.—I have heard perſons who have travelled in the South of Europe, and whoſe turn of mind led them to ſuch obſervations, ſay, that coppices of myrtle, which are frequent there, are by no means beautiful, and that they felt no regret at ſeeing the peaſants of the Mediterranean Iſlands carrying from theſe myrtle ſhades bundles of ſmall faggots, ſuch as we call bavins in England, to light their fires. The ideas we gather, while we are very young, from poetry or romance, which, like all other ideas acquired at an early period we ſeldom think of inveſtigating afterwards, make us take it for granted, that myrtle bowers and orange groves are extremely delightful; whereas, by the natives of countries where they are found, they are not valued more than we value our orchards, or our underwood of aſh, oak, and hazle.

Caroline. If then the African or Aſiatic ſee no particular charm in theſe ſpicy flowers and rich fruits, what attaches them

them ſo much to their country, where they are liable to become the prey of wild beaſts, and where from the accounts I have read, famine often reduces them to the neceſſity of eating inſects and other things from which one's mind recoils with horror; whence ariſes that attachment, which, it is ſaid, theſe ſavage nations feel, each to their own ſoil?

Mrs. Woodfield. It ſeems to be by a wiſe diſpenſation of Providence, that this love of our native country is implanted in the human breaſt—Were it not ſo, the moment a better climate and country were known, thoſe who were the worſt off, would come in crouds and overun the more fortunate countries, which would thence, be ever the prey of ſtrength and of neceſſity—juſt as the Danes and Norwegians once haraſſed England with continual incurſions, as ſoon as they found that (barbarous and uncultivated as it then was) it was a better land than the more northern regions, where their lot had fallen.

Caroline.

Caroline. I have often thought, in reading the Hiſtory of England, how ſtrange it is, that the country, which is now ſuperior at ſea to all Europe, and ſafe from the moſt powerful armies that any other power can raiſe, ſhould once have been the prey of ſo inconſiderable a people as the Danes, and have been obliged even to accept kings from that petty nation.

Mrs. Woodfield. The fortunate change is the effect of civilization and of commerce, in which our inſular ſituation, as well as the genius of our people, gives us particular advantages. The prejudices of other European nations have operated as checks to induſtry, and to the ſpirit of trade. In France, formerly, and ſtill in Germany, Spain, and Italy, a noble family was degraded by any of its branches entering into commerce; and, however rich an individual not born noble, might have become by reſpectable induſtry, he was held down by the contemptuous pride of nobility, who

ſtill

ſtill refuſed alliance with him as a roturier *.—But, in England, we diſdain thoſe narrow prejudices, and perhaps go almoſt into the contrary extreme, by attaching too much veneration to the poſſeſſion of mere wealth. However, this capability of aſpiring to become members of the legiſlature, and even to nobility, which is given to our merchants and tradeſmen, is one great cauſe of our commercial proſperity and riches, and forms one among many other reaſons why an Engliſhman is, and ought to be attached to his country.—With him it is not only natural, but acquired, by the reflections he is continually able to make on the advantages he enjoys; but with the ignorant and unlettered ſavage it ſeems to be inſtinct. The Laplander, who, in his own miſerable climate, lives half the year in a ſubterraneous cave, to ſhelter himſelf from its rigour, and paſſes that period in darkneſs as well as cold; who ſupports his ſqualid frame by the ſmoked fleſh of rein deer; drinks train oil; and whoſe ſummer

* Rotutier—Breaker of the ground.

ſummer travels are over deſarts, which afford little elſe but a particular kind of leathery moſs; this wretched being, to whom, in our opinion, nature ſeems to have behaved like a cruel ſtep-mother, is yet ſo unhappy in being removed from his inhoſpitable country, that he ſickens and pines to death amidſt the comforts and plenty of England.—The ſame predilection acts on the Hottentot native of the Cape: there have been many inſtances of theſe people having been taken when very young by the European ſettlers on their coaſt, taught to read and write, and inſtructed in ſuch other arts as contribute to the comforts of life; yet, after all this pains beſtowed upon them, they have ſeized the firſt opportunity to eſcape, and returned to the ſociety of their Hottentot relations.—It is this inſtinct which makes poor Mimbah languiſh for her yams and plantains, even in a country where ſhe was a ſlave. To us, who look upon theſe people as ſavages, it ſeems ſtrange; but without a more deep inveſtigation, we may account for it by re-collecting how natural it is for the mind to look

look back with complacency on thoſe ſcenes where we firſt became ſenſible of our exiſtence—where that exiſtence was unclouded by the cares and ſolicitudes of our more advanced years; while the opening world ſeemed to ſmile upon us, and, if we were ſenſible of ſorrow, it was only of that ſort which produces

"The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed."

Such ſcenes always recur to us with delight, and we often fancy that in returning to them, we ſhould again be happy. Alas! it is not always ſo—Experience breaks this charm as well as many others; I will one day or other relate to you ſome paſſages in the life of a perſon with whom I am well acquainted, that will, perhaps, put this truth in a very ſtriking light.

In the mean time, as little Ella has been the occaſion of our carrying our converſation to ſo many quarters of the world, I beg, that before we go for our morning's walk, you will find on the globe the different countries of which we have been

been ſpeaking. And let us from this leſſon reflect, that what we call happineſs depends, after all, leſs on local circumſtances than on the habits of our minds.

" For where to find the happieſt ſpot below
" Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
" The ſhuddering tenant of the frigid zone
" Boldly proclaims the happieſt ſpot his own—
" Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
" And his long night of revelry and eaſe.—
" The naked Indian panting at the line,
" Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine;
" Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
" And thanks the gods for all the good they gave.
" Such is the patriot's boaſt: where'er we roam,
" His firſt beſt country ever is at home."

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

FLORA MACCARRYL.

MRS. WOODFIELD. I promiſed my dear girls, a few days ſince, to tell you what it was that made me uneaſy—I will now keep my word; but it was not till this morning that a letter by the poſt ſo far appeaſed my anxiety, that I could venture to communicate to you the ſubject of my pain, without communicating alſo a portion of the pain itſelf.

You recollect that, towards the end of the winter, buſineſs carried me and your uncle Cecil for a few days to London. I was one morning ſitting in the parlour, at the houſe of my friend Mrs. Berkley, having ſome letters to write which prevented my going out with her, when I heard a ſingle rap at the door, given with a timidity

a timidity which made me believe it was ſome humble ſolicitor for charity. Mrs. Berkley, whoſe purſe is ever open to the plea of diſtreſs, has, of courſe, many of theſe petitioners, and having but little time for diſcrimination, ſhe is ſometimes miſtaken in the objects of her bounty. I have on other occaſions remarked, that her ſervants, and particularly an old butler who has lived above thirty years in the family, are not unfrequently rude and inſulting to theſe candidates for the bounty of their miſtreſs; not only, perhaps, becauſe they give them trouble, but becauſe they intercept part of that generoſity which would otherwiſe be enjoyed excluſively by themſelves.

As I make it a rule never to interfere with the domeſtic arrangements of my friends, I forebore to remark to Mrs. Berkley, what I had obſerved; though, as I went to London merely on buſineſs, and was often at the houſe of my friend alone, when ſhe was engaged abroad, I had ſeen inſtances of this unfeeling conduct in ſeveral of her ſervants, particu-

larly this maitre d'hotel, which occaſioned me to attend with earneſtneſs to the following dialogue, after a very humble rap at the door. and a ſurly inquiry from the porter as to what the perſon wanted, who appeared at it, and who aſked if Mrs. Berkley was at home—

Porter. No, ſhe is not at home.

Young Woman. Pray, Sir, do not ſhut the door, but be ſo humane as to tell me when I can ſpeak to her?

Porter. Not to-day, miſtreſs; for ſhe won't be at home till five o'clock—and ſhe won't ſee nobody of an afternoon.

Young Woman (with a deep ſigh). Pray, Sir, give me leave to aſk if there is not a gentlewoman within that I could ſpeak to.

Porter. No, my pretty dear; the gentlewoman is gone to market, and won't be within theſe two hours.

Young Woman. A gentleman, perhaps, who ſpoke to me the laſt time I called: a Mr. Higgs—

The

The Porter now, laughing aloud, called to Higgs, who coming up, I heard the other tell him there was a pretty girl waiting for him in the hall.

His anſwer was not articulate, but when he ſpoke to the poor petitioner, I ſoon heard enough of his rude and brutal manner of treating her, to induce me to interfere. She was going from the door in tears, when I haſtily followed her, and, without attending to the account by which Higgs would have directed my inquiry, I deſired her to accompany me into the parlour.

The poor girl trembled ſo much that ſhe could hardly ſtand; and her tears ſeemed to be checked by fear and agitation. I enquired whether I could not act for Mrs. Berkley in her abſence, and how I could render her ſervice?

She anſwered, with great modeſty, that Mrs. Berkley had been repeatedly very good to her, and had been pleaſed to promiſe that ſhe would ſtill befriend her in the diſpoſal of ſome trifles of her own

work, by making which ſhe endeavoured to ſupport her brothers and an infant ſiſter; "for we are, madam," ſaid ſhe, "a family of orphans."

Tears, which ſhe had reſtrained while I talked to her, now ſtreamed from her eyes; I bade her be comforted, with the aſſurance, that not only Mrs. Berkley would befriend her, but that I alſo, though my power was leſs, ſhould have great ſatisfaction in aſſiſting the ſucceſs of her virtuous induſtry for ſo pious a purpoſe. The poor young girl ſeemed greatly re-aſſured by what I ſaid, and attempted to regain compoſure enough to relate to me the particulars I required of her, but ſhe failed; and it was only by repeated queſtions that I learned all the circumſtances of her melancholy hiſtory.

Her father was a lieutenant in an Highland regiment, and at the commencement of the war had quitted the humble retirement in which he managed to exiſt on his half-pay; and being ſoon after ſent abroad, had been wounded; not ſo ſeverely

ſeverely as to diſable him from ſervice, but ſo as to oblige him to return home. A fever ſeized him in London; and, being at a good diſtance from his native country, from his wife and children, his ſpirits were ſo much depreſſed, that he ſunk into a ſort of torpid melancholy, and the military ſurgeon who attended him declared, that he muſt either go to his native country, or riſk dying by the moſt lingering and cruel of all diſtempers. The ſtate of his health, and of his finances, equally diſabled him from undertaking ſuch a journey. He knew it was altogether as much impoſſible for his wife and children to come to him, and therefore he concealed from them the truth, and determined to die in ſilence.

A Scotch ſoldier, however, who, with better fortune than his officer, had found an aſylum in Chelſea Hoſpital, contrived to find him out, and as poor Maccarryl had been greatly beloved in the regiment, this honeſt veteran was ſtruck with horror at ſeeing him reduced to ſuch a condition; not having the power to aſſiſt himſelf

ſelf, the only expedient he could think of was, to write into Scotland, to inform ſome of his own friends of Lieutenant Maccarryl's ſituation, and deſiring they would inform his wife how ill he was. The poor woman, with Flora, who was the eldeſt of her children, two little boys and a girl of five years old, ſet out immediately on their long and melancholy journey; with the utmoſt difficulty they reached the end of it, where they found the unhappy huſband and father in a languiſhing and almoſt hopeleſs illneſs; his pay was already mortgaged to the agent; his family had diſpoſed of every thing to procure the means of reaching him from ſo great a diſtance; and being now in a place where every neceſſary of life is ſo dear, with a family of ſix perſons and the chief ſupport of it ſuffering under a cruel illneſs, a more deplorable ſituation could hardly be imagined.

Two of Lieutenant Maccarryl's military friends, who, notwithſtanding his endeavours to ſuffer ſilently, diſcovered his wretched circumſtances, exerted themſelves

ſelves to the utmoſt of their power on his behalf, and the diſtreſs of the family was for a while mitigated. But the illneſs of Maccarryl had made too great a progreſs; the advice he had obtained came too late, and, within ſix weeks after the arrival of his family, he died.

His two friends were by this time returned to the ſeat of war; ſo that the helpleſs widow was among ſtrangers, at a great diſtance from her home and country, unuſed to every kind of buſineſs, and ignorant how to proceed even in obtaining the ſmall penſion allotted for the widows of officers. This however was obtained, but how were they to live till the firſt quarter was payable? Mrs. Maccarryl, though diſpoſed to every exertion, knew nothing of thoſe arts by which in a great city a living may be obtained. The daughter of a ſoldier, ſhe had paſſed her youth in going with her parents from one place to another; and in ſuch an itinerant courſe little can be acquired beyond reading and writing. It might however have been expected that,

that, from her early experience of a life attended with difficulty, ſhe would have learned firmneſs of mind, to contend with it now. But unhappily the reverſe was the caſe; Mrs. Maccarryl was as helpleſs, and as much diſpirited by her preſent calamity, as if ſhe had been always accuſtomed to eaſe and proſperity. Her health ſuffered from the ſad ſtate of her mind, and Flora ſaw her declining every day without having any means to help her, or knowing one friend in London to whom ſhe could apply for advice or aſſiſtance.

In this exigence, and with the care of her two brothers and her infant ſiſter greatly depending on her, poor Flora found that ſhe muſt either exert herſelf, or ſee her mother and theſe poor little ones expoſed to the ſevereſt inconveniencies. In walking about London ſhe obſerved the artificial flowers that are expoſed at the ſhop windows for ſale, and ſhe fancied ſhe could make them. But ſhe had neither inſtruction nor materials. A very few of theſe laſt ſhe purchaſed with

with all the money ſhe could raiſe by the ſale of a ring given her by her godmother in Scotland. The want of the former her own ingenuity ſupplied; and ſupplied ſo well, that ſhe ſold her firſt little bouquet at a warehouſe in Oxford-ſtreet for ſeven ſhillings. Inſtead however of applying her gains to any preſent purpoſe, ſhe laid out half in buying ſome faded flowers at the ſame ſhop, with a deſign to take them to pieces as a leſſon, both as to their make and the articles of which they were compoſed; and with the other half of the money ſhe purchaſed materials for the ſtock in trade.

Her mother, now diſcovering that ſhe could be of ſome uſe, tried to learn the art alſo, and, by continual practice, they acquired ſuch facility and neatneſs that their work began to repay them. The firſt payment of the little penſion became due, and the unfortunate mother looked round upon her children with an heart leſs deſponding.

But

But to thoſe who labour only to live, and live but while they can labour, ſickneſs is doubly calamitous. It was now the middle of ſummer. The boys, one of nine, the other of ſeven years old, went to a cheap day-ſchool near the ſmall lodging they inhabited in one of the new ſtreets near Tottenham-court-road; here they caught the meaſles, and and before they recovered, it was communicated not only to their little ſiſter, but to poor Flora, and, what was ſtill more alarming to their mother.

The children recovered very ſlowly, but this cruel diſeaſe had entirely put a ſtop to Flora's manufacture; who, ill and enfeebled as ſhe was, had been the principal nurſe to the whole family; but fatigue and the diſtemper together had nearly overcome the ſtrength of her mind and of her frame: of herſelf however ſhe had not much time to think, whatever ſhe might ſuffer, for her mother became alarmingly ill; the remains of the diſorder ſhe had ſtruggled through, hung about her, and it was ſoon too evident that

that it had fixed upon her lungs. The apothecary who attended her declared, that ſhe had no chance of recovering unleſs ſhe immediately removed into the country. Flora ſtruggled very hard to obtain this. The people who had now for ſome time been in habits of purchaſing artificial flowers of her, had diſcernment enough to ſee the merit of ſo much fortitude and induſtry in ſo young a woman; and, though to beſtow pecuniary aſſiſtance is a thing ſeldom or never thought of by perſons in ſuch a line of life, however affluent they may happen to be, the maſter of the ſhop undertook to make their caſe known to a woman of great fortune in the neighbourhood, who was pleaſed to have it known that ſhe gave away great ſums in charity to individuals as well as to public inſtitutions. This lady took up the cauſe of Mrs. Maccarryl and her family with ſo much zeal, that the heart of Flora overflowed with gratitude; the mother and the children were removed to neat lodgings at Chelſea, and the lady came herſelf to ſee her, left five guineas, and deſired

to

to hear occaſionally how ſhe went on, for which purpoſe Flora had a direction to the country-houſe about ſeventy miles from London, whither their benefactreſs had retired.

But neither change of air, nor any other remedy, could conquer the fatal diſeaſe, which had fixed itſelf on Mrs. Maccarryl; it gained upon her with more and more rapidity, till about two months after her removal ſhe alſo died, afew days before her penſion became due; and Flora found herſelf and the orphan children without any dependence but on the bounty of her new friend; for during the latter part of her mother's illneſs, her manufacture was neceſſarily ſuſpended.

Imagine, my children, what muſt have been the ſituation of this poor unfortunate girl. Half dead with grief, and worn down with fatigue, ſhe hung over the remains of her dead parent, for whom ſhe knew not where to find the means of performing the laſt ſad offices; and, in an agony little ſhort of deſpair, looked round on the three deſtitute children, for whoſe

whoſe wants, even of the paſſing day ſhe knew not how to provide.

In this extreme diſtreſs, ſhe wrote to the lady to whoſe bounty ſhe had already been obliged; and flattered herſelf ſhe would receive from her ſome alleviation of this inſupportable ſituation; but time paſſed, and no anſwer came to her petition. I will not relate at length a ſeries of horrors which could not fail to give you all too much pain. Flora ſaw her laſt parent conſigned to a pariſh grave, and with her helpleſs brothers and ſiſters around her, felt the want of the neceſſaries of life; in vain ſhe applied at the warehouſe where ſhe had formerly been known, and from whence ſhe had been recommended to the favor of Mrs. N—. The maſter was gone on a long tour among his cuſtomers, the miſtreſs to Margate for her health, and the ſhopman, who was left in charge of their affairs, had not a ſingle idea that did not relate to the value of pounds, ſhillings, and pence; he hardly liſtened therefore to the unhappy girl, but treated her as a common beggar, and bad her trouble him no more.

The

The woman of the houſe where they had lodged, thought ſhe had already done too much in permitting theſe deſolate orphans to ſtay ſo long under her roof, and being now afraid of getting, as ſhe expreſſed herſelf "into trouble," ſhe talked of compelling them to leave her houſe. Flora, amidſt all this penury, diſtreſs, and anguiſh, had again recourſe to her little manufacture, and ſhe was going with what ſhe had thus found courage to make, to diſpoſe of them at the uſual place, when ſhe paſſed the coach of Mrs. Berkley, juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into it; and from a ſudden impulſe, which has ſince appeared to her moſt providential, ſhe ventured to approach and ſilently offer the flowers ſhe had in a little box to the inſpection of my friend; who, ſtruck with their ſuperiority to thoſe wares that are uſually ſold in the ſtreets, was induced to notice the unfortunate vender of them. The relief thus obtained reſcued Flora from the deſpair into which ſhe was falling, but Mrs. Berkley, who lives in a continual round of company, does not allow herſelf ſo much time to exerciſe

her

her own judgment as ſhe certainly ought to do; and, leaving the diſpoſal of the money ſhe gives away in charity too much to her upper ſervants, I fear her benevolence is often intercepted and often miſapplied. Flora, however, had found another friend or two who occaſionally aſſiſted her, and among whom a little ſubſcription was ſet on foot, to ſend her and the innocent companions of her miſfortunes back into Scotland, where they were aſſured of an aſylum among the relations of their parents. At this period it was that chance threw her in my way. It is unneceſſary to relate what I did effectually to aſſiſt her; my late uneaſineſs was occaſioned by the apprehenſions I had, that I had not ſucceeded altogether ſo well as I hoped for; but I have now the ſatisfaction of knowing, that the orphan family are all ſettled among their friends, and Flora, for whom I was particularly intereſted, received by a lady, whoſe well-regulated benevolence leaves me nothing more to wiſh for on her account.

This

This little melancholy narrative has, I fear, nothing uncommon in it. I have related it leſs becauſe it contains any thing extraordinary, than becauſe it gives me occaſion to make ſome remarks that may be uſeful to you.

The active induſtry of this unfortunate girl, which was probably the means of ſaving her family from famine, is a proof, that there is hardly any ſituation in which our own exertions may not be uſed with ſome effect, and that we ought never to abandon ourſelves to deſpair.

It was not merely, that by this attempt ſhe procured ſome alleviation to the diſtreſſes of her family; the advantage ſhe obtained went much farther. Her ingenuity recommended her to the notice of thoſe, who at length, effectually aſſiſted her, but who would not have known her calamities but for this proof how well ſhe bore them; and here I muſt add, that in my inquiries into Flora's ſad hiſtory, I ſaw much cauſe to lament, that thoſe, who have the power and the inclination

to

to befriend the unhappy, too frequently content themſelves with affording ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance, and then are ſatisfied that they have done their duty: but how many caſes are there, where good may be done in other ways than by merely giving money? To counſel the ignorant, to point out proper ſources of induſtry, to protect the deſolate orphan, and conſole the wretched widow, requires indeed time and patience, which the rich and the fortunate, who live in the unceaſing purſuit of pleaſure and diſſipation, are ſeldom diſpoſed to give: but ſuch acts of humanity are in every body's power, and may be executed by thoſe who have, and by thoſe who have not the means of adding to them relief in money. This it is to be, indeed, "eyes to the blind, "and feet to the lame."

Elizabeth. I am glad, my dear, mamma, that we did not know any thing of poor Flora's hiſtory, till her diſtreſſes were over; it would have made us likewiſe unhappy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. You would not therefore have ſhrunk from it, I hope?

Elizabeth. I hope not, mamma, if I could have done any good.

Mrs. Woodfield. I am ſure you would not; but as you could not at this diſtance have been of uſe to the poor girl, I did not before mention her ſtory.

Elizabeth. Was Miſs Berkley active about it?

Mrs. Woodfield. Miſs Berkley, the only child of very affluent parents, and educated in a ſtyle equal to the rank ſhe is probably deſtined to fill in ſociety, is too far removed from the poſſibility, as it now ſeems, of ever feeling any kind of pecuniary diſtreſs to make it eaſy for her to enter into the feelings attendant on the ſituation of this deſolate girl; yet habitually, and as ſhe has been taught, ſhe willingly gives her money, but would think it a ſtrange thing were ſhe to be aſked to take any trouble for the objects of her charity: perhaps it is only by adverſity

adverſity that we are taught truly to feel for others. You recollect thoſe beautiful lines of Gray; in that exquiſite ode where he ſuppoſes Virtue to have been educated in that hard ſchool, he ſays,

"Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
"With patience many a year ſhe bore;
"What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
"And from her own ſhe learnt to melt at others woe."

But thoſe who are born in the lap of affluence and nurſed by unvarying proſperity, particularly, I think, thoſe young women who, like Miſs Berkley, are the only children of their parents, are ſo little uſed to ſubmit even to thoſe petty vexations and diſappointments which other girls unavoidably meet with, that how people feel whoſe whole life is a ſeries of ſorrows and of ſufferings can never occur to them. It was obſervation on the uſually ſelfiſh character of theſe ſpoiled minions of fortune, that extorted from Dr. Johnſon a ſarcaſm on heireſſes, when he ſaid, "whenever I ſee an eſcutcheon of pretence on a coach, I am ſure miſery is found within it." I think, however,

however, that this, like all other general reflections, is wrong; and I know inſtances of hearts whom no affluence could ſpoil.

On the other hand one cannot fail remarking, as in the caſe of Mrs. N——, that there are perſons who do good leſs for its own ſake than to have their beneficence talked of. I have ſince heard that this lady is more delighted with the praiſe ſhe acquires than with that internal ſatisfaction which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of doing good. She rather ſeeks, therefore, variety of objects than follows with ſyſtematic kindneſs her benevolence towards a few. This is an error which the truly generous and charitable will avoid.

DIALOGUE III.

WONDERS.

A FRIEND of Mrs. Woodfield's was ordered to the ſea at a very early period of the ſpring, and ſhe was induced to viſit her for a few days, accompanied by her two daughters and Ella Sedley.

Every object now bore a different appearance from that which had ſtruck their obſervation the preceding autumn; the ſoft ſhowers of April fell on the blue and unruffled boſom of the expanſe of water, and the fiſhers fearleſsly employed themſelves in procuring from the tranquil element that variety of fiſh, which advance with ſummer into the northern ſeas.

A ſlender vegetation began to clothe the rocks, except thoſe that preſented a rugged

rugged face of perpendicular chalk, in the excavations of which innumerable ſea-birds were rearing their young. In one of their morning walks, little Ella, gambolling before them, returned with an handful of coarſe ſhells which ſhe had picked up, and deſired Henrietta to keep them for her, and when they returned home, that ſhe would put them among ſome others, which had been brought from the Weſt Indies.

Henrietta. Oh! theſe are not worth ſaving, my dear Ella; I never ſaw any very pretty ſhells at this place; and mamma, ſays there are none on the coaſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. None that are ever collected by the virtuoſi in theſe things, and few, if any, that are even fit for the ſomething that is called grotto-work, with which falſe taſte has ſometimes dreſſed up garden ſeats or alcoves. The beautiful ſhells which you ſee in collections, and of which Ella has a few, come from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and they have all names, though I do not at preſent

preſent remember them, by which the collectors of ſuch things know how to appreciate their value. I think I have heard that there is a ſhell of which only two ſpecimens are known in the world, and for one of theſe, I know not how many thouſand pounds were given.

Elizabeth. What can give to ſuch things ſo much value?

Mrs. Woodfield. That ſort of caprice which gives an imaginary value to ſo many other things, even leſs pleaſing than theſe beautiful productions of nature; ſuch as antique coins or old manuſcripts, which can tell us nothing we do not know already, and have no other merit than their ſcarceneſs or antiquity.

Henrietta. But ſhells, mamma, are extremely pretty. I ſaw ſome at the Muſeum that ſeemed to be made of green and gold enamel.

Mrs. Woodfield. You did ſo; and of an enamel infinitely finer than any human artiſt can produce; there are others marked

marked in various colours with a regularity, delicacy, and ſoftneſs that painting can hardly imitate, and they are more beautifully poliſhed than the fineſt porcelaine.

Henrietta. Why then, mamma, do you ſeem to condemn thoſe who have a taſte for collecting them?

Mrs. Woodfield. I condemn every one who ſuffers any taſte of this ſort to injure their fortune, or who makes a ſerious purſuit of what ought, at beſt, to be but an occaſional amuſement. To contemplate ſuch objects as the minute works of nature, and to admire the ſkill of the divine artiſt, which is as equally ſhewn in the freckles of a poliſhed ſhell as in the greateſt and moſt ſtupendous of his works, is the true end of our obſervation on ſuch things, not the falſe pride of poſſeſſing them becauſe they are rare. A thinking mind, on ſurveying one of theſe little convolved palaces lined with pearl, is carried forward to reflections on the habits of the ſmall half-animated creature for

for whoſe reſidence it was fitted: I ſay half-animated, becauſe teſtaceous fiſhes have little more perception than vegetables, and ſeem to form the link between the animal and vegetable world.

There is a ſtationary, half-exiſting ſubſtance adhering to rocks and ſtones, which has been called the animal flower. In a cavern in the Iſland of Barbadoes there are ſome of theſe of ſingular beauty, and they are probably to be found in other parts of South America. Theſe are, I ſuppoſe, of the ſame nature as what we here call the Polypus or Sea-anemoné, and of which you may find ſome of various ſizes and colours among the ſea-weeds that grow in the excavations of rocks, covered at high water by the tide; they bear no very diſtant reſemblance to an anemoné, and what looks like the fringed petals of that flower are the feelers, or arms, which this fiſh, having no power to move from the rock, to which it is attached, unfolds to gather its prey.

Elizabeth. But what prey can be taken by ſuch little feeble fibres reſembling the ſmall leaves of a flower?

Mrs. Woodfield. Infinitely minute inſects which float in the ſalt water, and probably are ſo ſmall as to elude the examination of the microſcope. On theſe too, it is probable, the ſmall ſhell-fiſh ſubſiſt, whoſe habitations have been the ſubjects of our admiration. Theſe beautiful ſhells, the luſtre of which mocks the moſt elaborate efforts of art, are formed by the exuding of the bodies of the fiſh within them; this you may comprehend by remarking that, under the hard armour of the lobſter, there is a mottled ſkin very nearly reſembling it; which by degrees hardens into a new ſhell. It is the ſame with theſe ſhell-fiſh, whoſe deſerted houſes ornament the cabinet of the virtuoſo.

Elizabeth. I have often imagined to myſelf what ſtrange and curious things there muſt be collected at the bottom of the ſea.

Mrs. Woodfield. Shakeſpeare, you know, tells us ſo in one of Aeriel's ſongs,

ſongs, as well as in that horrible but well-wrought deſcription of drowning, which he gives to the unfortunate Clarence in Richard the Third.

Elizabeth. I think, mamma, that were I to write a fairy tale, in which all manner of improbable fancies might be put, I would make the ſcene of it at the bottom of the ſea, and deſcribe a palace built of coral and agate, and wainſcotted with beryl, mother pearl, and tortoiſe-ſhell.

Mrs. Woodfield. Very prettily fitted up indeed! But what is a palace without a garden? and would not your fancy be diſtreſt to imagine bowers and ſhrubberies and arbors compoſed of thoſe ill-coloured, trailing, marine vegetables, which are thrown upon the ſhore in heaps after a ſucceſſion of ſtormy weather?

Elizabeth. They are not very pretty, certainly. I believe I muſt keep to the pearls, amber, and coral furniture within; yet many of the ſea-weeds are not

ugly, and you have told me that there are ſome among them which are curious.

Mrs. Woodfield. Well! after having raiſed your coral pavillion, and ſurrounded it with

"The ſhell-work garden and the ſea-fan bowers,"

how would you people it? You muſt call for the Nereids and Syrens of the poets, ſince, I fear, the real inhabitants of the ſea are very unfit for ſo elegant a manſion, unleſs we give credit to the venerable chronicler Sir Richard Baker, who, in the ſummary account of ſtrange events, relates very gravely, that once in the reign of Richard the Second, and again in that of Edward the Fourth, certain creatures reſembling men were taken in nets by the fiſhermen; one of theſe, he ſays, lived many months with his captors, feeding on fiſh, "*but ſpake never a word*;" and both, I think, took the earlieſt opportunity of gliding away to their native element.

Henrietta. But there are no ſuch things, mamma? there never were ſuch things?

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. I believe there never were; yet that ſuch phenomena have been ſeen has been poſitively aſſerted, and by perſons who probably believed it themſelves. Not many years ago a fiſherman, going to take up the pots in which prawns and lobſters are caught, among ſome low rocks that are ſcattered along the ſhore near a village called Bagnor on the coaſt of Suſſex, retreated from them in extreme terror, and made the beſt of his way back to his comrades; declaring, with fear and aſtoniſhment, that he had ſeen a mer-man, which, ſitting on the rocks, looked ſteadily upon him, till he came near enough to diſcern what it was, and then plunged into the water. The man, upon being repeatedly queſtioned, perſiſted in the ſame ſtory, and as no poſſible reaſon could be given for his telling a falſe-hood, the more enlightened of his hearers concluded, that what he had ſeen was a ſeal or ſea-calf. The ſeal is an amphibious animal; they live among rocks on the margin of the ſea, and there are many on the coaſts of Cornwall;

Cornwall; they are the ſame ſpecies of creature, but not ſo large, as the ſea-lions, of which you remember a print in Lord Anſon's Voyage. Our circumnavigators ſaw vaſt flocks of them on their ſeveral voyages; and they were killed by the ſailors for the ſake of the oil, of which almoſt their whole unwieldy bodies are compoſed. From the engraved repreſentation of theſe animals I can eaſily ſuppoſe, that when raiſed upon its fore feet, and half concealed by the rugged projections of the rocks, fear and ignorance, combined with uncertainty, might eaſily convert one of them into a merman, or ſome ſurpriſing creature inhabiting the mighty waters. Theſe ſeals are very ugly, mis-ſhapen animals; they are deſcribed as aſſembling in great numbers, and wallowing in the ſea ouſe and among the weeds on the ſhore, with hideous howlings and gruntings. Such, my Elizabeth, are by no means fit for your fairy, ſub-marine palace, and in this, as in many other things, we are almoſt unwilling to give up the pleaſant fables, with which our imagination has been enchanted

chanted and amuſed, for ſad reality. Thus the world, when we firſt enter it, ſeems to be peopled with ſuch beings as we have read of in books of amuſement, which are often more calculated to miſlead the fancy than to correct it; we build palaces of agate and jaſper, and people them with the moſt amiable beings; but a little experience ſometimes convinces us, how unlike its real inhabitants are to theſe creatures of the imagination.

Elizabeth. Oh! my dear mamma, you ſpoil my fairly palaces, both on land and in the ſea; I ſometimes think I had rather read fictitious tales, though I know them not to have even a reſemblance of truth, than hiſtory, which is nothing in general but a melancholy account of the crimes ſome wicked men have been guilty of, to deſtroy other men not leſs wicked than themſelves.

Mrs. Woodfield. And yet you muſt recollect, that in ſtories, whether thoſe in which the imagination of the author overleaps the bounds of nature and common

common ſenſe, or thoſe which are called romances, and novels, (which are meant to repreſent beings like ourſelves, and the probable incidents of human life,) there are always ſome wicked people, who, by thwarting and perſecuting the favourite characters, form the diſtreſs of the piece. Thus in fairy tales you have an oger or a genie, who parts your fair princeſs from her gallant lover, and in the ſhape of a griffin or a dragon makes propoſals for himſelf, and ſhuts the unfortunate damſel up in a tower of braſs or of adamant. In novels, this miſchief-working character is ſupplied by an uncle or a guardian, ſometimes by a father, or a mother, or by a powerful rival, who, with little more probability than if a griffin or a merman was introduced; carries away the luckleſs beauty to an inacceſſible, and perhaps an haunted caſtle.

Elizabeth. And yet, mamma, it is not always the moſt improbable of theſe ſort of hiſtories that amuſe the leaſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. Certainly not; the dramas of Shakeſpeare, which repreſent fairies

fairies and ſupernatural agents, ſuch as Aeriel and his companions, are by no means the leaſt entertaining of his aſtoniſhing productions. If I could be amuſed with the book called the Arabian Nights, it would be with thoſe parts of it that are the moſt wild and improbable. Part of the pleaſure we feel from theſe fictions ariſes from our love of the marvellous, and part from the agreeable recollection of the ſtories we uſed to liſten to in the happy days of our childhood. You, Elizabeth, have been rather taught to ſee every object around you as it really is, than to be either pleaſed or frightened by the fables which, when I was in the nurſery, were admitted there. I have often remembered, as I have ſince paſſed a clear ſtream that croſſes a road not far from the houſe where I lived in my infancy, that when I was four or five years old, I was taught to look there for ſilver horſe-ſhoes, which my nurſery-maid told me were dropped by the elfin cavaliers in their haſty paſſage over the brook. Round a very old thorn in a neighbouring park, was a ſpiral line, which I know

now to be the effect of lightning, but which I was then taught to believe was the mark left by the magic girdle of a fairy, who had tied to that tree a certain counteſs, the inhabitant of the great houſe in the park, who had on ſome occaſion offended her.

"The teſter'd ſlipper, and the circled green,"

are now no longer the foundation of our children's books. The moonlight revels of the trains of Oberon and Titania are heard of no more; they are gone with all their pleaſing train of images, as well as the ſpectres that rattled their chains through almoſt every old manſion-houſe, and the ſigns and tokens with which weak minds anticipated or encreaſed the too certain evils of life.

But I know not how, Elizabeth, we have wandered from coral alcoves and arbors of ſhell-work to legends of goblins and fairies. Our converſation, however, is not wholly incongruous with the element before us; for there is no claſs of men more addicted to fantaſtic ſuperſtition than ſailors. At once daring and timorous

timorous, they ruſh undauntedly upon the moſt dangerous ſervice; yet have certain fears, which ſome of them cannot conquer, as to the ill effects of drowning a black cat. A malignant ſpirit, whom they call Davy Jones, is ſuppoſed to be the agent of the devil, and to be armed with the power of doing them miſchief by tempeſt, lightning, ſunken rocks, and leaks in their ſhips: yet I never heard that in the hour of battle, when the very foundations of the ſea muſt tremble under the dreadful concuſſion of heavy artillery on its agitated ſurface, this miſchievous ſpirit is ever thought of. Then, with the moſt implicit faith in predeſtination, they ruſh unconcernedly on dangers, which to thoſe never accuſtomed to ſuch ſcenes appear to be certainly deſtructive. So much is man the creature of prejudice and of habit!

To habit too it is owing, that we enquire ſo little into what is always preſent to us, and that our reflections are ſeldom awakened but by novelty. Aſſertions or ſtories we hear every day, we never think

of objecting to, however abſurd they may be; on objects continually before our eyes, we never think of making remarks.

In looking over this immenſe collection of water, which is expanded till it ſeems to unite with the diſtant ſky, you, my dear Elizabeth, were ſtruck with its grandeur and ſublimity, and your imagination immediately went forth to the wonders contained in its boſom. This happens becauſe you are not accuſtomed to ſee it; but the fiſherman and the ſailor who live upon it, or the peaſant who feeds his ſheep on the high downs that overlook it, ſee nothing extraordinary in it, and are amazed that any one elſe does. Theſe perſons, unuſed to make reflections of any kind, ſee nothing to admire either in the changes of the earth on which they walk, or in its innumerable productions. A labourer, of whom you ſhould enquire why the boughs are ſuddenly cloathed with leaves, would anſwer "becauſe it is ſpring." He has no idea of the annual revolution of the earth, nor how on its approach towards the ſun the

green

green blood of the plants begins to circulate, and their leaves to expand, which during the ſevere weather are encloſed each in its hybernacle or winter cradle, which are thoſe red buds that we obſerve on trees immediately after the leaves of the preceding ſummer are fallen. It is of this wonderful contrivance of Almighty wiſdom that Cowper ſpeaks:

"He marks the bounds that winter may not paſs,
"And blunts his pointed fury; in its caſe,
"Ruſſet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
"Uninjured, with inimitable art;
"And, ere one flowery ſeaſon fades and dies,
"Deſigns the blooming wonders of the next."

But of theſe and many other operations of nature, though they hourly, weekly, and yearly paſs before his eyes, the unenlightened villager has no knowledge; yet ignorant of the cauſe, he regularly expects the effect, as a man, whoſe living depends on the ſea or on the traffic upon great rivers, knows perfectly well when to look for high tides, though it probably never entered his head to conſider the phænomenon that produces them;

them; and were you to aſk him about them, he would (it is moſt likely) anſwer, "that there always were high tides at certain times of the moon's change," and with that ſolution he is content. But thoſe, my Elizabeth, who have greater opportunities of information, and more leiſure for reflection, learn to look up with greater reverence and admiration towards the great firſt cauſe, who has ſpread before us, whitherſoever we turn, the wonders of his wiſdom, and who undoubtedly meant them all to contribute to the happineſs of that being, on whom, among all his creatures, he has beſtowed the greateſt portion of reaſon.

But the length, and perhaps the gravity of our converſation has occaſioned Henrietta to forſake us, and to follow Ella among the rocks in ſearch of ſhells and ſea-weeds. It is time to recall them, and to return home.

DIALOGUE IV.

THE EARLY JOURNEY.

CERTAIN family occurrences had carried Colonel Cecil and his daughter to London; and the ſame buſineſs occaſioned his ſending for his ſiſter to meet him there.

Though unwilling to quit the country at a ſeaſon when every hour produced ſome new beauty, yet as her children's intereſt and her brother's wiſhes united to determine her, ſhe conquered whatever reluctance ſhe felt, and propoſed to avail herſelf of this opportunity to procure for her two daughters, inſtructions in ſome branches of education, which can no where be obtained ſo well as in a great capital.

They ſettled then to take leave of the friends they were viſiting the preceding night,

night, and at an early hour the next morning to depart on their journey to London.

In purſuance of this reſolution they aroſe before the ſun, and while their ſervants were arranging the baggage, and other matters were ſettling, the mother, her two daughters, and her little ward, went down to the ſhore to obſerve that glorious object, which is no where ſeen in ſo great perfection, the riſing ſun.

Mrs. Woodfield took occaſion to remark the accuracy of Gray's deſcription, to which, though he ſays, "it makes no figure on paper," little can be added. I ſet out," ſays he, "one morning before five o'clock, the moon ſhining through a dark and miſty autumnal air, and got to the ſea-coaſt time enough to be at the ſun's levee. I ſaw the clouds and dark vapours, open gradually to the right and left, rolling over one another in great ſmoky wreaths; and the tide (as it flowed in gently on the ſands) firſt whitening, then

then tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of inſufferable brightneſs, that (before I can write theſe five words) was grown to half an orb; and now to an whole one too glorious to be diſtinctly ſeen."

In reminding her children of this ſublime ſpectacle, Mrs. Woodfield added—"How many people there are, my dear girls, who have paſſed their lives without having ever ſeen it! How many others, who, if they ever have witneſſed it, have only done ſo by chance in returning from ſome place of public amuſement, with aching heads and exhauſted ſpirits! Of ſuch a party I remember I once was; when, after a maſqued ball given at the houſe of a nobleman in the country, the ſun aroſe, dazzling with all his ſummer ſplendor our half-ſhut eyes. We ſoon uncloſed them quite to admire the ſtrange figures we made, and, I believe, ſome among us, who piqued themſelves on their good looks, did not bear the remarks of others without ſenſations ſomewhat

what bordering on thoſe of Milton's arch-friend; and might have ſaid

"O ſun! I tell thee how I hate thy beams!"

For my part, I felt ſomething like ſhame for making one in a group ſo ill ſuited to the ſcene; for our wretched, jaded, and diſhivelled figures, unpowdered locks, hollow and haggard eyes, and tinſel finery, polluted with ſmoke and duſt, formed a decided and mortifying contraſt with the pure brilliance of the riſing orb; the cryſtal dews beſpangling every leaf, and that reviving elaſticity of the air,

"The breath of heaven freſh blowing pure and ſweet
"With day-ſpring born *."

Elizabeth. I ſuppoſe, however, mamma, that there are many people who never ſaw the ſun riſe, unleſs on ſome ſuch occaſion.

Mrs. Woodfield. Probably not; in this climate indeed, there is no great temptation to attend his firſt appearance at any time but in the fineſt months; for cold

* Milton.

and

and comfortleſs are the mornings of autumn and winter long after he is above the horizon; and I own I am not one of thoſe who have reſolution to encounter the chill gloom of very early hours at thoſe ſeaſons, though no one is, perhaps, more ſenſible of the value of time, and very few have more occupations of neceſſity to fill it. We muſt now, however, make uſe of that immediately before us. The chaiſes are, I ſee, waiting on the cliff.

Elizabeth. And now then we muſt bid adieu! a reluctant adieu to the ſea!

Henrietta. Ah! when ſhall we ſee it again, and have the pleaſure of walking again on the ſands, and of enjoying ſuch delightful mornings as we have had here?

Mrs. Woodfield. We ſhall reviſit it again, I hope, before the end of ſummer; and in the mean time you will find amuſement enough in the various ſcenes to which you are going.

They

They now proceeded on their journey, which lay acroſs the country; for having ſome buſineſs with a lawyer at a town about twenty miles diſtant, and wiſhing to viſit a very old lady, a friend of her mother's, who reſided there, Mrs. Woodfield took this opportunity of doing both. This road, therefore, led them over a tract of country, where two counties joined in the boundaries of what was once a royal chace, and was ſtill crown land—a ſort of heathy wild, where, amidſt ſcattered woods and ſhrubby glens, a few poor cottages were thinly diſperſed.

The road was not ſuch as admitted of much ſpeed, and they were not in haſte, but beguiled the time in remarks on the uncultivated beauty which the landſcape, rude as it was, every where preſented, at a ſeaſon when the banks were covered with multitudes of flowers, and the hedges above them unfolding their firſt leaves. A few inſects already dared to venture forth amid the capricious winds of April.

On

On obſerving one or two of theſe, Henrietta, cried—"Oh! there are ſome of thoſe yellow butterflies with a ſmall crimſon ſpot on each wing, which I remember, mamma, you told me, were called cucumber flies, from their colour reſembling the bloſſoms of that plant; but to me they ſeem more like a flying primroſe."

Mrs. Woodfield. Your idea pleaſes me. One could, indeed, almoſt fancy one of them to be a primroſe or an oxlip, looſened from its ſtalks, animated and flying through the air. You have been lately reading, I think, that the wiſdom of God is evident, even in the colours with which he has clothed the birds and inſects as means to preſerve them from thoſe other animals who would otherwiſe too eaſily devour them. This early butterfly is clad, you ſee, in colours nearly reſembling the flowers that now cover every bank, on the honey of which it lives. Recollect in how many other inſtances this happens, though it is an obſervation we do not think of making.

In

In India, the birds and the inſects are infinitely brighter and more vivid in their colours than in Europe; ſo are the bloſſoms of the trees, and the flowers among which they live and feed. With us the graſshopper, and many caterpillars and other ſmall inſects are green, and are concealed by reſembling the graſs and leaves. The partridge is ſoberly clad like the ſtubbles and fallows among which it lives, while the burniſhed pheaſant conceals his crimſon eye and changeable neck among the tawny and deep-coloured leaves of the autumnal wood. The hare too, who has ſo many enemies, has clothing very nearly reſembling the hollow ſand-banks and brown furrows among which ſhe hides herſelf, and as you remember Thompſon ſays,

"Of the ſame tawny hue, the wither'd fern:"

while the domeſtic animals, thoſe more immediately under the management and protection of man, aſſume variety of colours, as no longer needing the ſort of ſafety they derive from uniformity of colour among fields and foreſts. All theſe remarks,

remarks, my dear girls, which from our habits of life and courſe of reading and thinking occur to us, are probably never preſent to thoſe who live in what is called general ſociety; that is, who never ariſe but to prepare for ſome morning party, or return from it but to dreſs themſelves for the amuſement of the evening.

Elizabeth. And I dare ſay, my dear mamma, thoſe perſons condemn ſuch reflections as uſeleſs, and mighty dull and unintereſting.

Mrs. Woodfield. I believe they do; but let us my love, follow in idea one of theſe trifling characters, who have no other purſuits than thoſe which ariſe from mixing in what are called the pleaſures of faſhionable life; let us follow one of them to the obſcurity to which the failure of her plan of procuring a rich huſband, mortified pride, and reduced fortune condemns her. Alas! what can be ſo melancholy! I ſuppoſe ſuch a perſon, neglected and forlorn, retiring to ſome cheap provincial town, where ſhe ſuppoſes her very

very moderate fortune may allow her ſtill to enjoy ſome of the pleaſures of ſociety, and to finiſh her life, as ſuch a life is deſcribed by the poet:

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

Alas! however well ſhe may be received by the parties who form the ſociety of the place where ſhe is fixed, ſhe cannot always be at the card-table. The matrons, who ſurround them of an evening, have their families to attend to during the day, and not unfrequently bad weather, illneſs, accident or petty miſunderſtandings and ſquabbles, with which ſuch aſſociations do lamentably abound, deny even the reviving rubber of the evening! What then becomes of the unfortunate, iſolated being, who not having any reſources within herſelf, is wholly dependant on others for the means of paſſing the dreary evenings of winter? She has never been accuſtomed to read, or never beyond the flimſy pages of a novel. If ſhe attempts to occupy her mind with one of theſe, ſhe meets with the deſcription of ſcenes in which ſhe can no longer hope to bear a part, and ſickens at the repreſentation of even imaginary

imaginary happineſs. She has no taſte for works of fancy, and has been taught to believe that uſeful work is beneath her. Deſponding and ſad, therefore, her ſpirits recoil upon themſelves and wear themſelves out. Internally wretched, ſhe becomes diſſatisfied with the felicity of others, and gives way to all that envious malignity which embitters ſociety; whereas, if this perſon had been accuſtomed early in life to rational purſuits; if her mind had been ſtrengthened and her views enlarged, ſhe would have been happy in herſelf, uſeful and agreeable in ſociety, and would have rather contributed to the ſatisfaction of all around her, than have ſuffered additional miſery becauſe ſhe believes others more content.

Henrietta. I am ſure I ſhould hate ſuch a croſs old woman. I know who I think juſt ſuch a one; ſhe hates children, and ſcolded me one day for gathering ſome flowers that were in her garden, though I know ſhe did not care about them herſelf.

Mrs. Woodfield. I will have no remarks directed againſt this individual, Henrietta; nor ought you to pretend to judge whether ſhe cared for the flowers or not. If in the inſtance you named ſhe reproved you, the reproof was certainly merited, for it is extremely rude to gather the flowers in any garden where you may happen to be admitted.

Henrietta. Ah! well mamma, I know very well that you would not have been angry in the ſame caſe.

Mrs. Woodfield. I aſſure you I ſhould not have been pleaſed; for example, if any one were to gather ſome curious and ſweet flower, that I had been nurſing all the year, juſt as it began to bloom and to diffuſe its odours, I ſhould certainly be vexed, and might, perhaps, expreſs my vexation.

Elizabeth. I muſt ſay, however, mamma, that the lady my ſiſter means, cared nothing about the flowers, and ſaid a great deal more than was neceſſary on ſuch a trifle; ſhe almoſt ſaid that you humoured

humoured us too much in ſuch ſort of things, and . . . .

Mrs. Woodfield. I wiſh not to hear what ſhe ſaid, my dear; nor do I approve of that very frequent but miſchievous cuſtom too often thoughtleſsly adopted, of telling to one perſon what another ſays of them; nothing is more apt to create diſputes, coldneſs, and averſion, yet I know nothing in which people more frequently indulge themſelves. This is ſometimes the effect of malice, and ſometimes of our zealous friendſhip. Indirect flattery, conveyed in this manner by officious friends, is ſaid, and I believe with truth, to be of every manner of conveying flattery the moſt dangerous. Never, therefore, accuſtom yourſelves to repeat to any of your friends the blame or even the praiſe you may hear of them. I have known girls flattered into the moſt inſufferable vanity by one another—"Oh! my ſweet Sophy," cries Matilda, "you cannot gueſs what I heard of you laſt night." —"My *dear* Matilda," replies Sophy, "do *pray* tell me; I am dying to know;

not that it *could* be half ſo much in my praiſe as what Mr. ſuch-a-one and Captain ſuch-a-one ſaid of you when you were dancing." The ſelf-love of each being thus gratified, the miſſes become more and more fond of each other; and I once knew two girls who went very much into the ſame ſet of company, that regularly met to compare notes, and became two of the moſt inſolent, affected, and vain creatures I ever met with. It happened that in the courſe of events they were ſeparated, and did not meet again for ſome years, and when they did, their former intimacy, for I cannot call it friendſhip, was turned into rivalry; inſtead then of mutually flattering, they found a malignant delight in depreciating each other; and then it was the buſineſs of ſome of their acquaintance to tell each of them how the other ſaid ſhe was altered; ſo that it was hard to ſay whether their early youth was more disfigured by the vanity which they mutually created, or their maturer years made hateful by envy and detraction.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. I will take care, my dear mamma, never to be guilty of this.

Henrietta. And I will, I aſſure you, as carefully avoid offending any body by taking their flowers whether they care for them or not; though I own I am ſadly tempted ſometimes. Pray tell me, is there a pretty garden at the lady's houſe we are going to?

Mrs. Woodfield. A very good garden, but one of thoſe which are cultivated more for uſe than beauty. My friend Mrs. Doddington is arrived at that advanced period of life when ſhe is no longer able to enjoy her garden, for age and infirmity confine her entirely to the houſe.

Henrietta. Poor woman! how much ſhe muſt regret that ſhe is not able to go into her garden!

Mrs. Woodfield. You think ſo, becauſe you would regret it; but before the eyes of perſons of the age of my good old friend, the ſeaſons have revolved, and the various ſcenes of life have paſſed till there is no longer novelty or intereſt in them.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. But you have told me, mamma, that this lady is nevertheleſs cheerful and contented.

Mrs. Woodfield. I have ſo; and when you ſee her you will allow that ſhe is ſtill amiable and agreeable. This is the effect of a well regulated mind, and is the beſt proof of a well ſpent youth.

Elizabeth. Mrs. Doddington has grand children.—Are any of them with her?

Mrs. Woodfield. No; they are all grown up, and the young ladies are all married. But our ſhort ſtay at C—— will not fail to be enlivened by the ſociety of young perſons. There is a Miſs Sourby, you know, the daughter of the gentleman with whom I have buſineſs. He is an attorney, or ſolicitor, a man who has made a great deal of money in his profeſſion, and having lately held a public character in his native town, has been knighted on carrying up an addreſs. He has a ſon, who is reckoned remarkably *clever*, and is now in the militia, having left the pen for the ſpontoon; while I am aſſured Miſs Sourby,

Sourby, his ſiſter, is one of the moſt accompliſhed girls in the county.

Henrietta. Oh! for my part, I do not deſire any new acquaintance; I only wiſh I may be allowed to ſtay all day in the garden.

Mrs. Woodfield. That will hardly be, my Henrietta; but however, as we ſhall have no morning taſks, nor readings, you will of courſe have more time for your garden rambles than at home; and at your age, and at this lovely ſeaſon there is, perhaps, no ſociety that can afford ſo much pleaſure as ſome of thoſe ſimple ſcenes which you recollect are thus deſcribed as belonging to peaſants and peaſant children:

" Midſt gloomy glades in warbles clear
" Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear;
" On Green untrodden banks they view
" The hyacynth's neglected hue;
" In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
" They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds;
" And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray
" Acroſs the glen the ſcreaming jay* !"

* Thomas Warton.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Scene—At the houſe of the friend to whom they were making a viſit, at an early hour of the morning; Mrs. Woodfield meeting her eldeſt daughter.]

Mrs. Woodfield.

WELL, Elizabeth, we recommence our journey to-day. Are you prepared to take a long farewell of your friends here?

Elizabeth. Friends! my dear mamma?

Mrs. Woodfield. Well then if that is too ſtrong a word, I will ſay your acquaintance. The term, friend, indeed, is one of thoſe we are too apt to miſuſe.

Elizabeth. You have ſo often cautioned me, mamma, againſt ſudden and violent intimacies with people of my own age, that you know I never haſtily form them,

them, even with thoſe who appear to me agreeable; but as for Miſs Rudworth . . .

Mrs. Woodfield. You have found no neceſſity in regard to her to recollect my advice.

Elizabeth. Oh dear! no; none in the world. You oblige me, however, to remember what you have ſo often ſaid, as to the indulgence of a ſatirical diſpoſition; and therefore, mamma, I ſhall only ſay of Miſs Rudworth, that I wiſh her very well and very happy, but I ſhall not be ſorry if I am never to ſee her again.

Mrs. Woodfield. Thus it is then, that thoſe accompliſhments, acquired at ſuch an expence, and by the unwearied application of ſo many years, ſerve only to render this young perſon diſagreeable! How is it that ſhe has contrived this?

Elizabeth. Oh! you know very well, mamma, that a girl who knew only to read and write her own language, who was unaſſuming and ſimple in her manners, and did not affect to be more than her neigh-

bours, would be ten thouſand times more agreeable.

Mrs. Woodfield. I entirely agree with you; and I ſhould ſee with real concern theſe good people, her father and mother, ſo ſadly miſtaken, but that their error makes them ſo happy, it would be cruel to attempt undeceiving them. They believe that a very loud noiſe is muſic, that red, green, and blue blots are fine drawings, and that the ſcraps of broad French and common place phraſes in Italian, which *their Frances* utters on all occaſions, indicate a moſt enviable knowledge of languages. All this, as they are people who were originally in very humble life and have had no education themſelves, would be very pardonable and would only excite a ſmile; but when they oppreſs their viſitors with ſuch an oſtentatious parade of their daughter's acquirements, and affect to look with inſulting pity on thoſe who have not had the means of procuring ſuch an exuberance of accompliſhments, one is half tempted to mortify their ill-placed pride.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Yes, mamma; I wiſh you had done ſo, inſtead of ſitting ſo quietly while we were really ſtunned.

Mrs. Woodfield. No, Elizabeth; I am too conſcious of my weakneſs in a thouſand inſtances about my own children to have the cruelty *ſo* to mortify the partial fondneſs of any perſon towards their's; beſides, I believe theſe good folks are very likely to impute any ſuch unwelcome truths to envy. They were once greatly my inferiors in point of fortune; and then I recollect the *now* Lady Rudworth, at that time emerging into a ſort of third ſtyle of gentility, gave me credit for ſome knowledge in the management of what ſhe called *ejewcaſhon*; and conſulted me about that of her daughter, aſſuring me "it was a circum*ſtance* ſhe had much at heart." Now ſhe is much richer than I am; and I do not blame her for ſuppoſing ſhe has therefore much more knowledge.

Elizabeth. Diſagreeable, proud woman! but as to that vain impertinent . . .

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. Moderate your anger, my dear child. If you indulge ſuch violent indignation againſt all the people you meet, whoſe ſelf conſequence is equally offenſive, you will ſpoil your own temper; but the world will go on juſt as it did before. Why ſhould I quarrel with Lady Rudworth, for feeling her imaginary ſuperiority? She has no idea of any other than that which money gives, and to get money has been the purpoſe of her's and her huſband's lives. She has now you ſee a *title* too, and can you wonder that ſhe feels and enjoys her elevation?

Elizabeth. But ſhould this perſon give herſelf airs of ſuperiority which inſult all who are ſo unfortunate as to be in her company?

Mrs. Woodfield. Certainly not; but the ſame obſcurity in the beginning of her life which now cauſes her acquired riches to be ſo dazzling, is alſo the cauſe why ſhe cannot diſguiſe the triumph of her heart. It is to conceal the good opinion we have of ourſelves, that the forms which

which are called *good breeding* are inculcated and ſubmitted to; a practice with which Lady Rudworth has had very little to do, and which it is now too late to acquire. A celebrated eſſayiſt ſays: *That were the door opened to ſelf-praiſe, and were Montaigne's maxim obſerved, that one ſhould* ſay, *as frankly,* "*I have ſenſe, I have* "*learning, I have courage, beauty, or wit,*" *as 'tis ſure we often* think *ſo; were this the caſe, ſuch a flood of impertinence would break in upon us as would render ſociety wholly intolerable.*

But the ſort of forbearance thus agreed upon in poliſhed ſociety, Lady Rudworth has never ſeen practiſed where ſhe has lived; I mean among people which could only be called the upper rank of low life; and therefore, ſhe takes no trouble to diſguiſe her opinion of that ſuperiority which ſhe believes her money gives her, among thoſe ſhe now converſes with. And I obſerve that this overbearing ſelf-ſufficiency is almoſt always viſible in people who have become ſuddenly rich, and are raiſed above the narrow circle where they originally

originally moved. So that there is no reflection more common than that of "ſuch a one is purſe-proud."

There is a variation in this foible, which I have ſometimes ſeen, though it ſeldom is aſſumed by the lady of the family, but is uſually confined to the founder of it: I mean, when a perſon very fond of talking of his fortune finds an excuſe for doing ſo in affected humility. Such a man will ſay: "though it has pleaſed God to bleſs my honeſt induſtry—I began the world with nothing," and ſuch ſort of cant. Our friend Sir Randall Rudworth, however, is not of this claſs. Of *honeſt* endeavours he can ſay but little, and therefore wiſely ſinks the cauſe of his elevation, well content to make the moſt of its effects. Far from any humble alluſions to his birth, he ſhrinks from the mention of it; has lately affected to talk of his family as having been long ſeated in a northern county; has ſent to the Herald's Office for arms, which are cut on his ſeal and painted on his carriage; and you ſee his daughter is educated

educated to ſupport all theſe pretenſions; for what will not a great deal of money effect?

Elizabeth. I know what it will not effect, mamma, It will never give to Miſs Rudworth the look or the manners of a gentlewoman.

Mrs. Woodfield. That is mere matter of opinion, Elizabeth. There are few, with whom ſhe is likely to have much intercourſe at preſent, who can diſtinguiſh between finery and elegant neatneſs, between the pertneſs of arrogance and the eaſe of good breeding. In general, I believe, the world gives thoſe, who are in undoubted affluence, credit for as many other advantages as they chooſe to aſſume. You ſee with what a decided air Mrs. Modbury talks of every thing; daſhes into an hundred abſurdities, and affects to be even ſcientific. It is impoſſible there can exiſt a woman more ignorant; yet ſhe is not only tolerated, but admired and looked up to. Her ſole qualifications are a great deal of aſſurance, ſupported by the conſciouſneſs

conſciouſneſs of having a rich huſband, a loud voice, and a very faſhionable or fanciful way of dreſſing. All theſe adopted by Miſs Rudworth, and added to her *accompliſhments*, will have (you may be aſſured) the very ſame effect; but a rational being can never conſider either of them as objects of envy or imitation.

Elizabeth. I am ſure thoſe people, on whom ſuch airs would impoſe, muſt be very blind or ſtupid.

Mrs. Woodfield. Not at all; for by what criterion do ſuperficial obſervers judge, unleſs by outward appearances? There are very few of the people, with whom one has occaſion to converſe every day in the common intercourſe of life, who do not ſuppoſe, that if a perſon is very well dreſſed ſhe is a perſon of fortune; and, on the contrary, that ſhe who is clothed with extreme ſimplicity is not able to purchaſe ornaments.

I once ſaw a laughable proof of this. Some years ago I happened to be at a public bathing place; it was late in the year,

year, and I was to paſs the winter in the country; which at that period of my life I did not think of with very great philoſophy. The day, however, was come when I was to go, and in a melancholy mood I ſet forth early in the morning, to pay a ſmall bill for ſome ball fineries at a very faſhionable milliner's newly ſet up in the place, and to purchaſe the few trifles I was likely to have occaſion for in my winter ſecluſion.

While I was ſettling theſe matters, a lady, very plainly dreſt, and with an hat on, which was particularly old faſhioned, entered the ſhop, and aſked for a pair of gloves.

The milliner took down a parcel, threw them careleſsly on the counter, and with very little ceremony left her cuſtomer to chooſe for herſelf, while turning again to me, who was but a girl at that time, ſhe went on meaſuring the ribbands I had choſen. The lady very quietly fitted herſelf with a pair of gloves, paid her money, and departed without having received from the

the ſhop-woman even the curtſey uſual on ſuch occaſions.

As I knew perfectly well who ſhe was, and thought that her tall ſtriking figure muſt have made her equally well known to Mrs. Tiffany, I was ſurprized at this rudeneſs, and could not help aſking if ſhe knew who ſhe took that lady to be? "Indeed," replied ſhe, "I never ſaw her before. It is none of the company ſtaying here, but I ſuppoſe ſome *little* country gentlewoman of the neighbourhood."

"I believe," ſaid I, "you are very much miſtaken; that lady is the Dutcheſs of ——————."

I wiſh I could deſcribe the woman's face. She coloured as red as the ribband ſhe was folding; then became pale, and at laſt ſaid, "Oh, my heavens! how rude I have been; but who could have thought of a perſon of faſhion ſo early in a morning? and in ſuch a dreſs too? and with ſuch a hat? Dear me! what had I better do? perhaps, I had beſt go after her Grace, and beg her pardon."

As

As I was too young to adviſe, and my buſineſs was finiſhed, I left Mrs. Tiffany to ſettle the affair as ſhe could, not ſorry, however, for the leſſon ſhe had received, never to truſt altogether to appearances, or to behave with inſolence to her cuſtomers, on account of an unfaſhionable hat, or upon ſuſpicion of their being "little country gentlewomen."

But I mention this circumſtance as one among the thouſands that daily occur, how much common obſervers, who undoubtedly make up more than two thirds of the world, are influenced by appearance.

Elizabeth. Well, if reſpect is to be acquired by finery, there is no doubt of Miſs Rudworth's being highly reſpected.

Mrs. Woodfield. But you, I truſt, my love, will never envy any one reſpect that is paid merely on that account. It can give pleaſure only to very weak minds, and with ſuch you may remark, that to dazzle by ſuperfluous perſonal ornament, by equipage, or a number of ſervants, is generally

generally a ruling paſſion. Every thing that is convenient, all that rank demands ſhould be complied with; but oſtentatious diſplay, only to excite envy and to make the vulgar ſtare, always marks ſome weakneſs of character. It has often been ſaid of thoſe who have made themſelves remarkable for this extravagance, and have frequently been ruined by it, that they committed folly only to obtain the applauſe of fools. But I ſee Henrietta in the garden, and I conclude from thence that every thing is ready for our departure. Look how little Ella is enjoying herſelf this warm day, like one of the butterflies ſhe purſues—as thoughtleſs and as happy.

We have now only to take our leave; for, luckily, my buſineſs with Sir Randall is as near being concluded as it can be for ſome time; and, I hope, in ſuch a ſtate as to prevent the neceſſity of my perſonally troubling him again.

The carriages being now at the door, and the travellers having taken leave of their acquaintance, without any regret on either

either ſide, they again proceeded on their way, which was that day to be only to the diſtance of twelve miles. They were to remain at the houſe of another friend of Mrs. Woodfield, (who was a native of that part of the country,) and the next morning to viſit two objects of curioſity in the neighbourhood, and, as the days were long, to reach London the ſame evening.

As they went, Elizabeth (who now travelled in the poſt-chaiſe with her mother alone) could not help renewing the converſation of the morning.

Elizabeth. I wiſh, mamma, my couſin Caroline had been with us on this viſit. She is ſo much ſuperior to that Miſs Rudworth in perſon, and knows ſo much more, that it would have mortified the conceited girl delightfully.

Mrs. Woodfield. I by no means wiſh it on that account. I am not ſo ſure that your couſin's ſuperiority would have mortified Miſs Rudworth, becauſe I doubt whether it would have been allowed, while

while I have doubts how far Caroline would have ſubmitted, with that complacent indifference which it ought to meet with, to this aſſumed ſuperiority.

Elizabeth. I am ſure ſhe would have ſaid that, what we were compelled to hear and ſee of *accompliſhments*, was enough to give one a ſurfeit of them for ever.

Mrs. Woodfield. She would have ſaid a very fooliſh thing then. But thus it ever is, that the abuſe of good brings the good itſelf into reproach. It ſeems to me, that nothing is more deſirable, to young perſons of fortune eſpecially, than a certain degree of perfection in the ornamental parts of education; becauſe they afford a number of reſources in the hours of ſolitude and retirement, produce new ideas, and form the taſte. But I do not think their attainment ſhould be the firſt purpoſe of early life, or that they ſhould be cultivated, as they often are, where nature has denied the talents neceſſary to their acquiſition. There is nothing in my opinion ſo requiſite to happineſs, which is the end

of

of all inſtruction, as good temper and good ſenſe. Where theſe are wanting, the reſt appears to be like high varniſh on a bad picture, ſerving only to make the faults more viſible.

I never yet ſaw the higheſt advancement in what are called accompliſhments, make a young woman eſteemed or beloved, where good temper and good ſenſe were miſſing; whereas thoſe bleſſings alone, without any adventitious advantages, will enable a perſon to go through the world with honor to herſelf, and as the delight and comfort of their friends; for alas! my dear girl, there are in the moſt fortunate families, and in the courſe of the moſt proſperous life, many ſcenes and many hours, when muſic ceaſes to charm the ear, and painting to engage the eye; when the ſickening ſpirit or the wounded heart turn from the trifles which might amuſe a vacant hour, to ſeek the patient pity of ſympathiſing friendſhip, to one who can ſuſtain our reaſon and ſtrengthen our fortitude.

To

To regulate the temper, therefore, and form the judgment, is in my mind more material than all the accompliſhments in the world; and the young perſon who ſhould give herſelf entirely to, or value herſelf immoderately on the merely ornamental parts of education, would act with as little ſenſe as ſhe would do, who, having heard fringe or lace reckoned additions to her clothes, ſhould therefore determine to make the whole of no other materials.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE VI.

MAY DAY.

WHILE the party were at ſuch a diſtance from London as not to have entered on that line of country where the luxury of improvement has deſtroyed the wilder features of nature, Mrs. Woodfield, who by the ſentiments ſhe had delivered in the preceding converſation, had never meant to diſcourage that taſte for the imitative powers of the pencil to which ſhe had been herſelf often indebted for amuſement in her vacant hours, and for beguiling the lighter evils of life, took occaſion as they journeyed on, to point out to her attentive auditors, now all with her in a coach ſent by the Colonel, the particular features of the country through which they paſſed, which were obvious as ſubjects for landſcapes.

The road lay for ſome length at the foot of a rocky elevation; and ſometimes through an hollow way, formed by the rocks riſing abruptly on each ſide.

Mrs. Woodfield. How beautifully green is every blade of graſs and every ſmall plant that find ſuſtenance amid the ſandy excavations of theſe rocks. No objects make better fore grounds than theſe rude precipices, nor throw off to better advantage the diſtant landſcapes. But were a painter to repreſent a view, clothed in the emerald green that now almoſt dazzles the ſight, his picture would be glaring and diſpleaſing: yet nothing can be more harmonious and beautiful than the reality.

The contraſt too of theſe yellow maſſes of ſand-ſtone has a pleaſing effect, varied and dreſſed as they are with ſhrubs and flowers; their ſummits crowned with the broom and white thorn, intermingled ſometimes with pollard oaks or tufts of young aſh or beech trees, whoſe roots, often forced from the hollow rock beneath,

neath, wreath into the moſt fantaſtic forms, and the projections they form, afford places of growth for the female fern, the ſmall blue campanula, in two ſorts of wild geranium, to the veronia, and in moiſt and ſhady parts of the rock, to the wood ſorrel; white violets, too, often lurk among theſe uncultivated beds of wild flowers, excelling them all in ſweetneſs. But theſe and many other ſmall plants are rather the purſuit of the botaniſt than the landſcape painter, who ought, however, in drawing theſe rocky ſcenes, to catch the forms, though he cannot minutely deſcribe the long tangling branches of the blackberry; the feſtoons of briony woodbine, nightſhade, or wild hop, that creep or flaunt among the rugged hollows.

Elizabeth. For my part, though I know one ought never to deſpair of any thing, yet I ſometimes fear I ſhall never do trees well; ſince even my couſin Caroline allows that they are the moſt difficult.

Mrs. Woodfield. Students in drawing certainly often fail in them, and even maſters do not always ſucceed. Perhaps this may be partly owing to their ſtudying in countries which produce only one ſort of tree. You know there are many parts of England, where you may travel many miles and ſee nothing but the dark elm, too often ſpoiled by the loſs of its ſide branches; and you remember, when we were looking over the edition of Spencer's Fairy Queen, publiſhed by Kent, we remarked that Prince Arthur, the red croſs knight, Una, Dueſſa, and Belpheobe, and in ſhort all the perſonages of the various allegory, appear under the ſhade, or amid landſcapes adorned with young elm trees. The reaſon of this want of taſte and variety is, that Kent, who made the drawings, was an improver of lands, parks, and gardens, and in that occupation had occaſion to contrive and to obſerve continual plantations of that tree, to which his eye ſeemed to have been ſo familiariſed that he forgot there were any others in nature. From the ſame cauſe it probably is, that diſtances in many

Italian

Italian landſcapes preſent nothing but the ſpiry form of the cypreſs which abounds in Italy: and in a few years the views in England will preſent the ſame pyramidal groups; for the Lombardy poplars, now ſo generally planted, have nearly the ſame effect.

Elizabeth. I love to draw pieces of rocks and old trees better than cottages, for it is not often one finds one that is not too formal.

Mrs. Woodfield. On paper, however, we may *deſtroy* as well as *raiſe* ſtructures to our taſte; and it is not difficult to diſmantle one of the moſt comfortable cottages, till we render it tolerably *picturesque*, to uſe the phraſe adopted on the occaſion; then we can add the hayſtack, or a few hop-poles leaning on its roof, ſhadow it with the pendent boughs of the beech or cheſnut, or contrive to hide half the ſmall caſement in the thatch, with the groteſque branches of an old fruit tree. But water, I think, as often baffles the learner as trees, at leaſt the moſt pleaſing repreſentation of water, when

when it guſhes out of one of theſe rocks, or ſtarts from among the dark ſhades of a ſteep wood; ſuch as you know are in our country diſtinguiſhed by the name of hangers. When we have thus choſen the features and compoſed our little home landſcape, we muſt find figures appropriated to the ſcenery; and look! at this moment, there is a group that Gainſborough himſelf would have choſen; ſee Henrietta, that little party, ſeated on a kind of circular bench, formed of a mound of earth, confined by woven oſiers and covered with turf, under a maypole.

Henrietta. Three little girls dreſſing a boy's hat with flowers; and what a quantity of flowers they have got in their baſkets!

Mrs. Woodfield. What if we ſtop and purchaſe of them ſome of their garlands; or at leaſt make them ſome little preſent, to increaſe the pleaſure of their infantine feſtival?

Henrietta and Ella. Oh! do let us!

(This done, they proceed.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Well! we have made theſe poor children very happy however.

Henrietta. I wiſh we could have ſtaid to have ſeen them dance. Pray tell me, mamma, whether there are now ſuch dances of ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſſes as one reads of in ſongs and poems; where they chooſe a queen of the May, and all the houſes are dreſſed, and all the ways ſtrewn with flowers?

Mrs. Woodfield. No, Henrietta; I believe theſe paſtoral feſtivals exiſt no where now but in deſcription, yet ſome remains of them are left among the infant peaſantry, of which we have juſt had an inſtance in the children we have ſeen, happy heirs of laborious poverty; who obtaining a very ſcanty ſubſiſtence, want no more, and find amidſt the fields and coppices their ſlender *deſert*,

"Like the gay birds that ſing them to repoſe."

Theſe you ſee rob the meadows and cottage gardens, to furniſh their ſole finery, and on this eleventh of May (when, according

cording to the prejudice of their grandmothers, they obſerve May-day as it fell in the old ſtyle) the happy party ſally forth, feeling, perhaps, as much delight as they are capable of expreſſing; for now, releaſed for ſome months from the confinement neceſſarily impoſed upon them in dark and dirty cottages by the weather, by the ſnow, tempeſts, and floods of winter, they are at liberty to enjoy the only luxury they know, that of wandering among the meadows and woods, which offer to theſe ſimple children of nature ſo many charms; and though certainly incapable of deſcribing, or perhaps incpable of diſcriminating what they feel, yet it is theirs, more free from care and from reſtraint than the favourites of affluence, to enjoy what ſome poet (I have forgot who) ſo well deſcribes:

"By vale or brook to loiter; not diſpleas'd
"Hear the ſtreams pebbled roar, and the ſweet bee
"Humming his fairy tunes in praiſe of flowers."

And I am perſuaded the fineſt dreſs on a royal birth-day, covers not an heart ſo gay and happy as one of thoſe we have juſt left.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. But I ſhould like to ſee ſome of the rural balls, which one learns to fancy ſo pleaſant from ballad or from poems.

Mrs. Woodfield. Yes; ſuch is even the great and grave Milton teaches us to fancy, when he concludes an addreſs to May morning, by ſaying,

" Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
" And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long!

But ſuch choruſes of ſhepherds and of nymphs, are with us never heard; and the May is welcomed only by the younger villagers, who have, perhaps, a few garlands on the May-pole or about the ſign-poſt of the ale-houſe of the hamlet.

Nothing, certainly, is more miſrepreſented than the ſcenes of rural feſtivity; thoſe aſſemblies of paſtoral felicity,

" When young and old come out to play,
" On a ſun-ſhine holiday;"

for in our times, neither young nor old, who are capable of work, can loſe a day of labour. Theſe deſcriptions were perhaps very juſt when Theocritus wrote of

cording to the prejudice of their grandmothers, they obſerve May-day as it fell in the old ſtyle) the happy party ſally forth, feeling, perhaps, as much delight as they are capable of expreſſing; for now, releaſed for ſome months from the confinement neceſſarily impoſed upon them in dark and dirty cottages by the weather, by the ſnow, tempeſts, and floods of winter, they are at liberty to enjoy the only luxury they know, that of wandering among the meadows and woods, which offer to theſe ſimple children of nature ſo many charms; and though certainly incapable of deſcribing, or perhaps incpable of diſcriminating what they feel, yet it is theirs, more free from care and from reſtraint than the favourites of affluence, to enjoy what ſome poet (I have forgot who) ſo well deſcribes:

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And I am perſuaded the fineſt dreſs on a royal birth-day, covers not an heart ſo gay and happy as one of thoſe we have juſt left.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. But I ſhould like to ſee ſome of the rural balls, which one learns to fancy ſo pleaſant from ballad or from poems.

Mrs. Woodfield. Yes; ſuch is even the great and grave Milton teaches us to fancy, when he concludes an addreſs to May morning, by ſaying,

" Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
" And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long!

But ſuch choruſes of ſhepherds and of nymphs, are with us never heard; and the May is welcomed only by the younger villagers, who have, perhaps, a few garlands on the May-pole or about the ſign-poſt of the ale-houſe of the hamlet.

Nothing, certainly, is more miſrepreſented than the ſcenes of rural feſtivity; thoſe aſſemblies of paſtoral felicity,

" When young and old come out to play,
" On a ſun-ſhine holiday;"

for in our times, neither young nor old, who are capable of work, can loſe a day of labour. Theſe deſcriptions were perhaps very juſt when Theocritus wrote of

the lives of Sicilian ſhepherds; but they have no reſemblance to the manners of England.

Even at this diſtance of time I well recollect how greatly diſappointed I was when, being about eleven or twelve years old, I was firſt ſhewn a ſhepherd. Having taken my ideas from ſongs, where Strephon meets Phillis and preſents her with a lamb dreſſed with roſes and woodbines, or from the Chelſea China figures, which at that time adorned many apartments, I had ſuppoſed a ſhepherd to be a perſonage elegantly attired, in a pea-green jacket, a ſilk hat crowned with hyacinths, followed by a beautiful little dog, his crook ornamented with ribands, and charming the echoes by the ſound of his flageolet: inſtead of which I ſaw a ſtout rough-looking clown, whoſe hair ſeemed bleached in the pinching ſtorms to which he was expoſed; he was clad in a coarſe jacket of tanned leather, very much patched; concealed however, partly by a thick white woollen great coat; his hat was tied on with a red handkerchief, and he was

was followed by an ugly ſhagg-ear'd dog, whoſe continual and hoarſe barking conſtituted all the muſic of this rude and ſolitary pair.

I ſaid to myſelf; how is it poſſible this can be a ſhepherd? Where there are the beings deſcribed by Pope, by Shenſtone, by Hammond, and Lord Littleton; the Paridels, Damons, and Corydons? Alas! ſuch, in a thouſand more material inſtances, is the mortifying difference between the pictures of life we are ſhewn and the ſad realities we are obliged to accept. In theſe drawings it may be well ſaid that

"Airy dreams
"Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,
"Imparting ſubſtance to an empty ſhade,
"Impoſed a gay delirium for a truth*."

Yet there is ſtill felicity enough in moral ſcenery and rural employments, to depreſs with deep regret the poor exile, who, forced from his or her native village to ſeek a precarious ſubſiſtence among the ſtifling crouds of a great city, languiſhes

* Cowper.

for

for "liberty and freſh air;" and till the body becomes enervated, as the mind inſenſibly loſes its taſte for the pleaſures of ſimple nature, caſts many a longing, lingering look towards theſe fondly remembered haunts of early content.

One remarkable inſtance of this I will relate to you. It would make my ſtory outlaſt this ſtage of our journey, were I to tell at length the unfortunate accidents which occaſioned a poor girl, Lydia Meadows, who had been brought up with great care and tenderneſs by her grandmother, to be left, at the death of her ancient protectreſs, an helpleſs and deſtitute orphan; and though ſhe had been taught to expect, and really ought to have had a ſmall proviſion from the effects of this her laſt ſurviving relation, yet they had fallen into ſuch hands, that, as old Mrs. Meadows was not of the pariſh, or even a native of the county where ſhe was ſettled when death overtook her, the overſeers were alarmed leſt her orphan grandchild, then between thirteen and fourteen, ſhould become burthenſome to them; and

and inquiring out her relations, (which were very few,) they found only one man, a tin-plate-worker in Long Acre, willing to give himſelf any trouble about her. The reſt, having found, on inquiry, that the grandmother had left nothing, declined having any concern with one ſo little likely to become a profitable inmate as the unfortunate Lydia.

The tin-man, having either more humanity or for ſome other reaſon, undertook to find ſome perſon who would receive his young relation for a very ſmall premium as an apprentice, and the overſeers having poſſeſſed themſelves of all her grandmother's effects, which remained after the rapacity of the firſt plunderers, had raiſed a ſum which they determined ſhould be enough for this purpoſe. Poor Lydia, therefore, who had never heard an harſh word till now, or known a fear or a difficulty, was put into a ſtage-coach with a little bundle of clothes, and left to find her way as well as ſhe could from a town in Devonſhire to an inn in London, where, however, ſhe

ſhe was told her couſin (whom ſhe had never ſeen in her life) was to meet her.

A woman, going from the ſame town to viſit her friends at Saliſbury, promiſed to take care of her ſo far: to her the unhappy girl clung as to her laſt friend; and the woman, affected with her innocent tears, ſtaid to ſee her get into the ſtage that was to proceed from thence to London; and telling her ſtory and the helpleſſneſs of her ſituation to a decent looking perſon who ſaid ſhe was going to Turnham Gren, ſhe recommended Lydia to her care, while the poor girl felt herſelf more forlorn and deſerted than before, as ſhe took leave of her only acquaintance.

Inſenſibly, however, her new friend gained her confidence; and in the ſimplicity of her heart, ſhe told her a ſhort and mournful ſtory. The woman in her turn pretended to relate her own, and gave herſelf of courſe a very good character; ſo that the poor girl believing ſhe had found another friend, entreated her to come to ſee her in London, and

aſſured

aſſured her, that if ſhe could get leave ſhe would find her out and renew her acquaintance; from whom, however, when ſhe came to the place of her deſtination, ſhe was compelled to part. It was late before the coach Lydia was in arrived at the place where it was finally to deliver the paſſengers and parcels, and as ſhe proceeded through the ſtreets, the noiſe, the lights, all ſhe ſaw and heard, was ſo new and ſo diſtracting, that ſhe had hardly courage to look forward to what ſhe yet had to encounter—a meeting with a relation on whom ſhe was now in ſome meaſure to depend.

But far more dreadful was her ſituation than ſhe had feared to find it; for on arriving at the inn, there was no perſon there to receive her, and what was ſtill worſe, when the packages came to be taken out of the coach, her's in which was all her worldly goods and the direction whither ſhe was to go, was not to be found. The coachman, ſeeing he had only a helpleſs child to deal with, loudly proteſted it had never been

been put into his care; and now poor Lydia, friendleſs and pennyleſs, and in a place ſo new and frightfully ſtrange as a dark and dirty room at ſuch an inn, felt herſelf ſo oppreſſed, ſo terrified, and ſo totally at a loſs what to do, that, unable even to weep, ſhe ſat down in the firſt chair ſhe could find, and remained there like a ſtatue. A number of men came in and went out, each buſied about his own concerns, but nobody noticed her. It grew late. The buſtle at the door made by the arrival of coaches ſubſided; and unnoticed, yet without courage to ſpeak, the unhappy girl remained torpid; terror combining with fatigue to deprive her even of the little reſolution or preſence of mind which might at her age be expected.

At length one of the runners of the inn coming in to ſee for ſomebody, was returning on finding the room as he ſuppoſed empty; for Lydia, wrapped in her black cloak, and with her bonnet drawn over her face, was hardly viſible; when ſome ſlight motion ſhe made in attempting to

to ſpeak occaſioned him to obſerve her, and approaching, he aſked her rudely who ſhe was, and what ſhe wanted there?

The trembling girl related, as well as ſhe could, whence ſhe came and what had befallen her; and fortunately the man to whom ſhe ſpoke was not ſo deſtitute of humanity as perſons in his condition of life frequently are. He ſtudied a moment what was to be done, and then called a female ſervant of the inn, who, after making ſome difficulties, agreed to let the poor child have a bed there that night, and told her that as ſhe knew the name of her relation, and that he lived in or near Long Acre, ſhe might eaſily find him in the morning. Even this accommodation, poor as it was, ſeemed ſuch a relief to the haraſſed ſpirits of the deſolate orphan, that ſhe was now able to ſhed tears; her caſual protectors, moved to more lively compaſſion by theſe unaffected ſymptoms of diſtreſs, gave her ſome refreſhment, and the woman put her into a truckle bed in a garret next to her own. But ſuch were the fear and terror with which

which her late deplorable ſituation and this firſt view of London had impreſſed her, that not even the great fatigue ſhe had gone through diſpoſed her to ſleep; and with the firſt dawn of the morning ſhe got up, dreſſed herſelf as well as ſhe could, and with fearful ſteps ſought the woman to whoſe pity ſhe owed it that ſhe had not paſſed the night in the ſtreet.

As the pleaſurable ſenſation ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of having done one good action often induces thoſe, little accuſtomed to general benevolence, to continue their kindneſs and do a ſecond; the maid of the inn ſeemed te have taken poor Lydia into her protection, and finding how ignorant ſhe was, and that ſhe might be loſt in the ſtreets if ſent out alone, contrived to procure the attendance of a boy who waited about the door of the inn; and under his guidance Lydia ſet out to find her couſin.

The ſtreets, for it was mid winter, were ſo dirty, and the way ſeemed ſo long, that fatigue and anguiſh again took

took poſſeſſion of her heart. At length ſhe found the ſhop, over which was written the name ſhe ſought. She entered faint and breathleſs, but the horrible clatter made by three men who were at work in it, completed her conſternation; her attendant already departed, who, ragged and dirty as he was, ſeemed preferable to the grim creatures ſhe ſaw hammering around her; and, fearing ſhe knew not what, ſhe was about to return to the ſtreet, when one of the men ceaſing to hammer, aſked her what ſhe would have, and with ſome difficulty ſhe repeated the name of Lydia Meadows.

The man, who had now a confuſed notion that this was the young woman his maſter expected from the country, called him, and Lydia ſoon beheld aſcend from a cellar that had an iſſue into the ſhop, a tall black figure, with his ſhirt ſtripped up to his ſhoulders, who putting forth a great ſooty hand, aſked how ſhe came there; told her he was going at night to meet her; and then bade her follow him to his good woman. Lydia, hardly knowing what

what ſhe did, was preceded by her uncouth relation into a little dark room behind the ſhop, where ſhe was introduced to a very dirty looking fat woman, whoſe hair half powdered hung about her ears —the remains of her Sunday's finery. She ſeemed very little delighted with the arrival of her huſband's relation: obſerved, that ſhe had no notion of ſeeing ſuch a tall girl, and aſked if ſhe was ſick? what made her look ſo white? and where her box was? It was near half an hour before poor Lydia found ſtrength or courage enough to anſwer all theſe queſtions, and when ſhe had done ſo, Mrs. Croply was ſo much diſcompoſed at the thoughts of what was to follow the loſs of this country couſin's clothes, which muſt of courſe be her huſband's providing others, and the mournful voice and faint look of the dejected orphan were ſo diſpleaſing to her, and ſeemed to threaten her with ſo much more trouble than ſhe was diſpoſed to take, that ſhe could neither repreſs nor conceal her diſpleaſure, even before the unfortunate object of it; but calling to her huſband, who had gone back to his work

work, ſhe began in no very gentle accents to reproach him for the expence he had brought upon himſelf by his fooliſh officiouſneſs. The man endeavoured, but in vain, to appeaſe her; and ſuch a reception, the dark and miſerable hole in which ſhe was confined, and the unceaſing clatter of the workmen that rung in her ears, had altogether ſuch an effect on Lydia, that believing ſhe ſhould not long trouble any body, ſhe only begged leave to lie down any where for a few hours; "and then," ſaid ſhe "as ſoon as I am able, Madam, "but at this moment I really have not "ſtrength, I will go again to the place "where the coach ſet me down, and en-"deavour to procure a paſſage back to "the country from whence I came; where "I will work, oh! chearfully work, in "the fields for my bread; I will do any "thing, indeed I will, ma'am! not to be "any more trouble, or to be any farther "burthenſome to you or Mr. Croply."

A rude and ſhort anſwer from the unfeeling woman finiſhed the dialogue; but the wretched girl was allowed to go to the

the place which had been provided for her to ſleep in, till ſhe went to the Italian trimming maker near Newport Market, to whom ſhe was to be bound apprentice. Mr. Croply had already received from the overſeers of the pariſh where her grandmother died the apprentice fee; and being, after much murmuring on the part of her female couſin, furniſhed with a mere change of clothes, ſhe was, on the third day after her arrival, conducted to her new maſter.

Fortunate young people, who, under the protection of tender and vigilant friends, are ſecured from every danger and every want, can little imagine the hardſhips and ſufferings of thoſe poor girls in inferior life, who, to obtain a mere exiſtence, toil in the dungeons where ſuch people live in a crouded metropolis. He who is born in the mines is ſo accuſtomed to their black glooms, that he does not regret, becauſe he hardly knows the light of Heaven; ſo thoſe who firſt find their exiſtence in the airleſs and dreary caves where the mechanic dwells in London,

don, have very little idea of any other ſcene. To poor Lydia it was far otherwiſe. The lodging occupied by her new maſter conſiſted of three wretched rooms in an alley, where hunger and contention added to the horrors of a confinement worſe than a priſon. The man, an Italian who could ſpeak little or no Engliſh, could hardly earn a ſcanty ſubſiſtence by his buſineſs; becauſe the article he manufactured was now almoſt entirely out of faſhion. His temper was fierce, vindictive, and unfeeling; and his brutality to his two apprentices could only be exceeded by that which his wife exerciſed towards himſelf. She was an Engliſh woman, who, believing ſhe had done him a very great honour in marrying him, and having a ſpirit more violent than his own, not only returned his ill humour with intereſt, but often made him petition for an armiſtice; and ſo dreadful were theſe ſcenes to Lydia, who had never had an idea of ſuch people or ſuch conduct, that if ſhe could have endured the famine and ſqualid wretchedneſs ſhe was condemned to live in, the extreme terror with which

theſe

theſe quarrels impreſſed her would alone have determined her to eſcape at every hazard from ſuch an inſupportable condition of life. Her fellow apprentice, though like her taken rather as a drudge than to learn the buſineſs, was older than Lydia, and having ſome relations to whom ſhe could complain, was treated with rather more conſideration, and had reſources of her own, which ſeemed to make her lot leſs pitiable; but Lydia, who, young as ſhe was, by no means wanted ſenſe, ſoon diſcovered by her converſation that ſhe was a very bad girl; and though ſhe tried to obtain her confidence, Lydia ſhrunk from her advances, and found, in being aſſociated with ſuch a perſon, another reaſon for the reſolution ſhe had taken to quit her wretched abode.

Yet whither could ſhe fly; or to whom could ſhe appeal? To complain to Mr. Croply ſhe knew would be vain; nor had ſhe much leſs dread of remaining where ſhe was than of going to his houſe. She had no relations on whom ſhe had any claim,

claim, none at all likely to own her or take any trouble about her. At length ſhe thought of the acquaintance ſhe had made between Saliſbury and Turnham Green. This woman had ſaid her name was Jacobs, and that ſhe was ſiſter to a reputable tradeſman at Kenſington; but was to be ſet down at Turnham Green on a viſit to a ſiſter there, who was ill. She had given Lydia her direction, and the poor girl knew ſo little of the world that ſhe believed it poſſible for an acquaintance, made in a ſtage-coach, to feel an intereſt in her behalf; ſhe thought it certain that Mrs. Jacobs would adviſe her how to act, ſo that ſhe might be permitted to return to the hardeſt labour ſhe could be put to in the country, which was the utmoſt extent of her ambition. More than two miſerable months had paſſed ſince her ill-ſtarred journey; and it was now early ſpring, which happened to be remarkably forward. Lydia ſaw the ſun ſhine on the walls of her ſad priſon, and her imagination was buſy in fancying how green and ſtrewn with flowers were the fields and the coppices where ſhe uſed to

wander with her little village friends; and theſe thoughts aggravated all her ſufferings by compariſon.

In this ſtate of mind, it happened, that ſhe was ſent with a parcel of fringe to a warehouſe in Pall-mall. When ſhe found ſhe was to go out, ſhe determined never to return, and putting all the linen ſhe had into her pockets, ſhe went forth to throw herſelf on the wide world. All ſhe poſſeſſed was a ſingle ſhilling in her pocket and a piece of gold ſhaped like an heart and faſtened to a riband, which had belonged to her mother, and which ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy to wear round her neck. This, however dear it was to her, (and the laſt of many other little memorials of the better days of her family which had all been loſt with her cloaths,) ſhe determined, when preſſed by neceſſity, to ſell; and thus ſlenderly provided, ſhe firſt delivered the parcel ſhe had been entruſted with, and then inquiring her way to Kenſington, quitted the town, which to her had appeared a vaſt dungeon filled with cruelty, contention,

tion, and crimes. When ſhe reached Hyde Park, the beauty of the verdure, the freſhneſs of the air ſo long untaſted, ſeemed to reanimate her ſtrength, and ſhe thought that if ſhe might only be ſuffered to wander about at liberty in fields and woods, ſhe ſhould want nothing. The fear, however, of being overtaken and forced back by her cruel maſter or ſtill more cruel miſtreſs ſometimes aſſailed her, and through apprehenſion haſtened her walk. It was about eleven o'clock when ſhe arrived at Kenſington, where ſhe took out the piece of paper on which ſhe had written the direction to her ſtage-coach acquaintance, and entering the firſt ſhop ſhe ſaw, ſhe inquired for the place and perſon it deſcribed.

No ſuch perſon was known. Lydia inquired again and again without ſucceſs. She then wandered round the whole place; but no one of that name was to be heard of. Hunger now made her recollect it was growing late. Her heart, which had been at firſt elated with her eſcape, now ſunk cold and hopeleſs; yet ſhe deter-

mined to proceed; and flattering herſelf there might be ſome miſtake in the direction ſhe had taken, ſhe appeaſed her hunger with a bun for which ſhe changed her ſhilling, and went on to Turnham Green.

No Mrs. Jacobs was to be heard of there; indeed there was not in the village ſuch a ſhop for toys and cutlery as the woman had deſcribed her brother to keep. One of the women to whom Lydia applied for information told her, that it was moſt likely the perſon ſhe wiſhed to find lived at Brentford; and ſhe even thought that ſhe recollected people of the name. On this ſlender hope the unhappy pilgrim proceeded; often looking wiſtfully towards the carriages that paſſed, and longing to accept of the offers of the drivers of public ones to take her up; but the fear of being made to pay all her money deterred her; and though ſinking through faintneſs and fatigue, ſhe went on.

Before ſhe came to Brentford it was five o'clock, and ſhe felt that to ſupport herſelf much longer was impoſſible. Her hope

hope however of finding her acquaintance was more remote than ever; but as ſlowly ſhe moved along the ſtreet, ſhe was ſurpriſed by the ſight of a perſon before her, who in her figure very much reſembled Mrs. Jacobs; but what was ſtill more ſurpriſing, this perſon was clad in an old faſhioned but very remarkable chintz gown, which Lydia believed to be the very ſame that once belonged to her grandmother, and which, as it was to compoſe a part of her own clothing, had been in the parcel which had been miſſing from the ſtage.

A ſudden impulſe made Lydia ſpring forward, overtake the woman and look ſteadily in her face:—it was the very ſame; the good Mrs. Jacobs whom ſhe had relied upon for counſel and protection!

There might be more ſuch gowns in the world, and in the joy of finding her ſuppoſed friend, the circumſtance was overlooked; Lydia therefore ſpoke to Mrs. Jacobs, and expreſſed her pleaſure at

at meeting her, in which her acquaintance was ſo far from participating, that ſhe declared ſhe never ſaw her before; wondered at her impertinence in ſpeaking to *her*, and adding, that ſhe believed her a bad and idle girl, and thought ſuch a one ought to be taken up; then ſhe ſuddenly entered an houſe of mean appearance and ſhut the door. The unhappy girl, in the utmoſt conſternation, ſtood a moment gazing at the place, and the ſenſe of her deſolate and forlorn ſituation ſtruck ſo forcibly on her mind, that ſhe burſt into an agony of tears; the town where ſhe was ſeemed a counterpart to that ſhe had left; inſtead of a friend ſhe found an enemy; alas! ſhe had found one, who, having robbed, could never forgive her; for ſuch in all ranks is human nature—the wretch, who is conſcious of having committed an injury, never pardons the injured; and the deeper the treſpaſs the more inveterate the malignity.

This wretched woman, who was a Jeweſs, and belonged to a gang that travelled through the country, committing petty

petty frauds and receiving ſtolen goods, had by her menaces and fierce looks ſo terrified the poor girl, that as ſoon as ſhe recollected herſelf after ſuch an encounter, ſhe thought only of haſtening as faſt as poſſible from a place where it was likely to meet her again; and, without any fixed plan, ſhe wandered along the road towards Hounſlow, purchaſing a little bread at the baker's to appeaſe her hunger. It was now nearly dark, and recollecting the ſtories ſhe had heard related by the paſſengers in the coach of robberies and murders, her courage and ſtrength no longer ſufficed to ſupport her to purſue the road; and ſhe could but juſt creep through a gate into a ploughed field by the way-ſide, where under an hedge, at ſome diſtance from it, ſhe threw herſelf on the ground in deſpair.

The unhappy pilgrim had not long lain there, before a violent noiſe on the road renewed all her terrors; ſhe could diſtinguiſh among a loud clamour of voices, that a robbery had been committed, and that a party were in purſuit of the robbers.

bers. It inſtantly occured to her that either the purſued or the purſuers might come into the field where ſhe was; and though it was hardly poſſible for her to be in a more deplorable ſituation, the dread of this made her forget her fatigue; ſhe crept again away, and paſſing by a gap in the hedge to another field, ſhe ſaw at a diſtant ſide of it a group of buildings which ſeemed to be the back of a farm yard, for ſhe could diſcern an hayſtack and ſeveral outhouſes. Here then ſhe thought ſhe might obtain more ſhelter and concealment than in the open field. She approached and liſtened; every thing ſeemed ſtill about the encloſure, which was ſurrounded by ſheds, ſtables, and barns; it opened on one ſide to the field ſhe was in, and on the other ſeemed attached to an handſome houſe and garden. No ſound now alarmed the trembling wanderer, for the noiſes on the road died away in diſtance; and her ſpirits being a little recovered, ſhe ventured to look over the gate, and beheld with deſiring eyes the ſtraw with which part of the ground and one of the outhouſes ſeemed to be

ſtrewn.

ſtrewn. She dreaded however leſt dogs ſhould fly out at her; but after liſtening ſome time and hearing nothing, ſhe got over the gate, and, in the fartheſt corner of a hovel quite full of ſtraw, ſhe threw herſelf down, thankful for ſuch a ſhelter, and flattering herſelf ſhe ſhould remain there unſeen and unmoleſted till morning.

Overcome with fatigue, ſleep conquered her remaining fears; but ſhe had not enjoyed this relief above an hour or two, before ſhe was again rouſed to a renewal of all her apprehenſions; ſhe peeped from her concealment fearing almoſt to breathe, and found that the noiſe which had diſturbed her was occaſioned by two ſervants who brought ſome horſes into a ſtable oppoſite, where they remained ſome time; and then, as they quietly departed, poor Lydia returned once more to her repoſe, rejoicing that ſhe had thus eſcaped obſervation, and not venturing to think on what was to become of her the next day.

Too ſoon it arrived; and Lydia, ſuddenly awakened by loud voices very near her, ſtarted from her ſtraw, and ſaw a man with a pitchfork removing it, and ſo near her, that the next ſtep he made would probably have wounded her; ſhe ſhrieked, and the man, who ſeemed to be a ſort of under groom, ſtepped forward, and aſked her what ſhe did there? the poor girl was unable to reply; but ſeeing that ſhe was quite a young perſon, and did not appear to be a common beggar, he queſtioned her again with leſs harſhneſs, and would probably have ſuffered her quietly to depart, if a fat old coachman had not come up, and huffing the lad in very ſevere terms for talking to idle wenches, bade her go about her buſineſs; telling her, that he knew ſhe belonged to a gang of gypſies, who not a week before had ſtolen a ſieve and an halter out of the field, while his back was turned only half a minute. Lydia attempted to anſwer, but could not; and the choleric, well-fed, old domeſtic continuing to threaten her, ſhe would have

quitted

quitted the place, but her feet were ſo ſore, that ſhe could not walk; and pain, fear, and fatigue aſſailing her at once, ſhe ſunk down at the feet of the man, and fainted away.

The coachman had a confuſed notion, that if the girl was dead, as he firmly believed, and that he was the laſt perſon with her, he might be made to anſwer for it. The groom was already gone, and he therefore waddled away too, and going into the houſe, related that there was a girl dropped down dead in the farm yard. It happened that Mrs. Derwent, the lady to whom the houſe belonged was giving her morning orders to her houſe-keeper in an adjoining room, and hearing part of what the man ſaid, which occaſioned a buſtle among the other ſervants, ſhe went herſelf to inquire what it was; when having heard the coachman's account, ſhe heſitated not a moment to follow him to the place, where poor Lydia ſtill remained apparently lifeleſs.

Moved by the youth and helpleſs condition of the pitiable object before her, in whoſe frame and face famine and ſickneſs were but too viſible, the lady directed her to be brought immediately into the houſe, where ſuch remedies were adminiſtered, as recovered her from the fit; but her ſenſes were ſtill wandering; and as it was now certain, from her clothes and general appearance, that ſhe was not a vagabond, they ſuppoſed ſhe was ſome unfortunate young creature, eſcaped from a ſick room in the acceſs of a fever. Mrs. Derwent had ſo accuſtomed her ſervants to execute cheerfully continual acts of humanity, that each was now eager to obey her orders. Lydia was put to bed in a comfortable ſervant's room, and an apothecary ſent for, who could, however, pronounce nothing. It was two or three days before ſhe was able to give an account of herſelf, and then ſhe related her ſhort but ſad hiſtory to Mrs. Derwent with ſo much ſimplicity, that inſtead of caſting her off as a run-away, or compelling her to go back to her maſter, ſhe humanely inquired into

the

the truth of the tale ſhe had heard, and being convinced from the manners of the Italian and his wife, whom ſhe had perſonally viſited, that Lydia had not deceived her, ſhe felt ſo much pity for the orphan girl, and entered ſo thoroughly into the feelings which drove her to ſo wrong a ſtep as leaving the apprenticeſhip ſhe was put to, that ſhe prevailed upon the Italian to give up her indentures on condition of his keeping the fee he had received; and with the hearty conſent of her relation, Mrs. Derwent took her into her own family to attend on two amiable girls, her daughters, about the ſame age as Lydia. With them ſhe has remained now for ſome years, the moſt grateful and attached of ſervants. Her education during the life of her grandmother had been much above what is given to the children of the poor; ſhe poſſeſſed a very good underſtanding, and had received from her firſt inſtructreſs principles of rectitude and religion, which however would hardly at her age have reſiſted the effect of thoſe bad examples every day before her eyes. Her abhorrence therefore of London, and the regret ſhe felt when

when remembering the ſcenes of her happier days, though they led her to an action wrong in itſelf yet proved the moſt fortunate of her life; and never was humanity more inſtrumental, than that of Mrs. Derwent, in ſnatching an helpleſs creature from deſtruction. Had ſhe not exerted it ſo opportunely, it is difficult to ſay what might have been the conſequence to this poor forlorn girl, whoſe only fault was, that natural wiſh for freſh air and graſſy verdure, which habit itſelf hardly ever ſtifles, and which ſuch a child, (for Lydia was in truth no more,) who has been brought up amidſt woods and wilds, may well be pardoned for feeling to exceſs, ſituated as ſhe was.

Henrietta. Oh! my dear mamma, how my heart has ached for her. If you had told me, that at laſt any evil had befallen her, I do not know when I ſhould have been happy again!

Mrs. Woodfield. You feel, I am ſure, for her as an unhappy individual, and perhaps with ſome degree of addional acuteneſs,

acuteneſs, becauſe you are conſcious, that had *her* ſevere lot been yours, you would have acted as ſhe did. Thank God, my dear girls, that you are more fortunate, and always conſider with particular kindneſs theſe helpleſs children of adverſity, very indigent and deſtitute young women, whom ſo many calamities await, and who at beſt have not always the means of living by honeſt induſtry, however induſtriouſly they may be diſpoſed.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VII.

THE PAINTERS GALLERY.

As the travellers affected not great haſte, it was late before they reached London. Though at this ſeaſon the avenues around the metropolis are not lighted up with the care and frequency neceſſary in the darker months, the lamps which every where met their view were objects of wonder to Henrietta, who was ſo young when ſhe left London that the remembrance of all ſhe had formerly ſeen there had faded from her infantine recollection.

When her mother explained to her and little Ella the reaſon of this precaution in lighting the roads and ſtreets, which in the country was unneceſſary, the children expreſſed the wonder natural to their age,

age, that among ſo many houſes, and where ſo many people were paſſing, there ſhould be no ſecurity without lights and watchmen.

It is ever an unpleaſant taſk to unveil to innocent minds the depravity always found where great numbers of the human race are crowded together; nor is it deſirable to excite, by ſuch relations, ideas of perſonal danger in any particular ſituation: Mrs. Woodfield turned the diſcourſe, therefore, to the advantages derived from commerce, which brought to a great city the conveniencies and luxuries of life.

"It is," ſaid ſhe, "wonderful to reflect "on the means by which our ſtreets are "thus illuminated. The oil which fur- "niſhes this profuſion of light is produced "by that great marine animal the whale. "A great number of ſhips are annually "employed in catching them in the Nor- "thern Sea, during the ſummer months, "when only that ſea is navigable on ac- "count of the ice. The numbers that "have been taken having rendered them "more

" more ſcarce within theſe few years, a
" great many ſhips are now ſent to take
" them in the South, where they are
" more numerous among the ſhoals and
" iſlands of ice, which make the fiſhery
" very dangerous. When the bulk of
" theſe creatures is conſidered, and the
" power they have in their native ele-
" ment, nothing gives a ſtronger idea of
" the force of reaſon over ſtrength than
" man's thus ſubjecting them to his uſe.
" To take them, however, is an employ-
" ment that is attended with conſiderable
" hazard, not only on account of the
" accumulations of ice in thoſe latitudes
" where they are found, by which ſhips
" are ſometimes embayed, but becauſe
" of the riſk of the boats being ſunk by
" the weight and velocity of the immenſe
" animal, who, the inſtant he fells him-
" ſelf wounded by the barbed inſtrument
" called an harpoon, darts to the bottom
" of the ſea; and the rope which is
" faſtened to the harpoon is let out with
" ſuch ſwiftneſs, that it would take fire
" from the friction if a man did not ſtand
" at the head of the boat and wet the

" ſort

" ſort of reel round which it is wound.
" The tract of the wounded whale is
" marked by the clouds of blood that
" dye the ſea; he is ſoon obliged to riſe
" for air, ſpouting water mingled with
" blood from thoſe two apertures in his
" head which diſtinguiſh this ſpecies of
" fiſh. The harpooners then endeavour
" to ſtrike him again; but ſometimes his
" ſtruggles are ſuch that they are obliged
" to cut the rope, and releaſe their
" monſtrous captive to languiſh and die
" of his incurable wound. If they are
" more ſucceſsful, the huge animal is
" drawn into the ſhip and cut in pieces;
" the oil is extracted, and the bones of
" his mouth are that whalebone of which
" ſo much was formerly uſed in female
" dreſs, and indeed is ſtill reckoned ne-
" ceſſary, though in a ſlighter degree.
" You may imagine that the ſhips em-
" ployed in this buſineſs are not quite ſo
" grateful to the ſmell as an Eaſt India
" ſhip—indeed they are horribly offen-
" ſive; yet the article that makes them
" ſo is, in ſome other countries, deemed
" a delicacy. The inhabitants of Ice-
" land,

" land, Lapland, and Kamtſchatka, ac-
" count train oil as a beverage among
" the neceſſaries of life—ſo various are
" the taſtes and habits of mankind!"

The coach by this time ſtopped before the door of the lodging which had been previouſly taken—As ſoon as it was opened, Caroline appeared at it, and mutual delight was viſible in the faces of all the party; while Colonel Cecil, who waited for them in the drawing-room, embraced alternately his ſiſter, his nieces, and his little ward.

Caroline had a thouſand things to ſay, and Elizabeth was equally anxious to relate numberleſs little particulars that had happened during their ſeparation. They retired, therefore, to the apartment of the latter, together with Henrietta and Ella, who, eſpecially Henrietta, were the leaſt happy among them. She had already diſcovered, that duſty ſtreets and high houſes were not half ſo pleaſant as the fields and woods ſhe had left; and though the rooms were larger than thoſe

ſhe

ſhe had been uſed to, yet they appeared gloomy and cheerleſs; and there were no gardens in London! how was it poſſible to be comfortable in a place where there were no gardens to play in; no flowers to gather?

Colonel Cecil was no ſooner alone with his ſiſter, than he communicated to her views which had lately opened to him for the eſtabliſhment of his daughter. "You recollect," ſaid he, "that many "years ago, I had two friends with "whom I lived in the greateſt intimacy. "—One was poor Sedley; the other, I "believe, you did not ſo often ſee, "though I think you cannot have for-"gotten—George Haleſworth; he was a "younger brother; his father had a very "affluent fortune; but was a bigot to "ſtrange prejudices, and diſſipated great "part of his property, at leaſt as much "of it as was not entailed, in wild pro-"jects and ſchemes, which put it out of "his power to provide for my friend; "and diſguſted his elder ſon ſo much, "that the moment his father died, he let

"his

" his houſe, park, and farms, (for he
" could not ſell them,) and taking a re-
" ſolution never to reviſit again ſcenes
" where he had ſuffered ſo much vexation
" from the odd temper of his father, and
" ſeen ſuch a portion of his property
" waſted, he went to travel. Becóming
" much attached to the manners and
" ſcenery of Switzerland, he took an
" houſe at Lauſanne, and lived there
" many years, forgotten by and forget-
" ting all his Engliſh connexions; while
" his brother, who, in purſuance of one
" of old Haleſworth's projects, had pur-
" chaſed land and ſettled in America,
" found himſelf at the commencement of
" the war carried into that country, un-
" der the cruel neceſſity of abandoning
" his eſtate, to which he was now at-
" tached by a long reſidence, or taking
" a part againſt England--the country he
" had ſerved as a ſoldier, and which
" was ſtill dear to him as the land of
" his anceſtors. In this diſtreſſing alter-
" native he choſe to loſe every thing
" rather than his honor, which he be-
" believed demanded a ſtrict adherence

" to

" to his former principles. He had mar-
" ried the daughter of a Scotch officer
" who, having obtained a grant of
" land, had been many years a far-
" mer of America, where ſeveral of his
" children, and among them the wife of
" George Halſeworth, were born. This
" gentleman ſaw things in a light very
" unlike that in which they appeared to
" his ſon-in-law; but neither arguments
" or the ſtronger inducement of intereſt
" could ſhake the reſolution of my friend
" George; who finding nothing was to
" be done by treaty or mutual accom-
" modation, quitted his eſtate, and with
" his wife and children came to England.
" He was very likely to be a uſeful man,
" as well from his former knowledge of
" military affairs, as from his acquaint-
" ance with the country. Nothing doubt-
" ing the ſucceſs of the Britiſh arms over
" the undiſciplined and raw ſoldiers of
" the colonies, my friend accepted a
" captain's commiſſion in one of the re-
" giments formed to act againſt them;
" and after three years ſervice, in which
" he was ſo unhappy as to witneſs the

" ſad

" ſad depredations committed on one
" country, without their occaſioning any
" advantage to the other, and living
" long enough to be convinced of the
" fatal conſequences of the war to both,
" he was killed by a rifleman in paſſing
" alone through a wood on horſeback;
" and it was ſome time before it was
" known what had become him. He left
" a widow, particularly helpleſs, becauſe
" ſhe was a ſtranger; having been in no
" habits of intercourſe with that country
" or with him for many years. She had
" four infant children, and was deſtitute
" of every ſupport but what government
" allowed her as a loyaliſt and the widow
" of a captain. This was indeed enough
" to enable her with œconomy to bring
" up her children at a diſtance from
" London: ſhe retired, therefore into
" Wales; and having few acquaintance,
" and no relations in England, it was
" hardly known that ſhe exiſted at all.
" Her ſon was educated at a country
" ſchool till he was almoſt ſeventeen.
" At that period his uncle died in Swit-
" zerland, leaving no will, and appa-
" rently

" rently indifferent what became of his
" perſonal property, which, from his
" retired manner of life, had conſider-
" ably accumulated. The eſtates were
" entailed; but no claimant appeared:
" at length the lawyer who had been
" entruſted with their management ad-
" vertiſed for the next heirs of Mr.
" Haleſworth; and one of her diſtant
" relations in London, who happened
" to ſee the advertiſement, ſent it to
" Mrs. Haleſworth in Wales. It was
" not difficult to make out the right of
" her ſon to the property of his uncle;
" he became a ward of Chancery, who
" held for him an eſtate of near four
" thouſand pounds a-year, and not much
" leſs than fifty thouſand pounds in mo-
" ney and jewels. He was removed from
" ſchool, and provided with a tutor, who
" attended him to the univerſity, and
" ſince on the tour of Europe, or rather
" on a tour leſs frequently taken, though
" not leſs profitable to a young man.
" He travelled into Ruſſia, Denmark, and
" Sweden; and then returned through
" Germany and Italy to England. He

" was by that time of age, and having " a great inclination to viſit what may " properly be called his native country, " he paſſed the two laſt years in travel- " ling through the extenſive tract of " country inhabited on the continent " of America by the deſcendants of the " Engliſh.

" Such is the hiſtory of my friend's ſon. " I loved his father; and often had in- " quired after the family he left, without " ever obtaining any intelligence of them " till about two months ago; when, hap- " pening to be in a ſhop in the Strand, a " footman came in with a meſſage from " Mrs. Haleſworth. The name immedi- " ately ſtruck me, and I inquired about " the perſon to whom it belonged; in " conſequence of which I was ſoon con- " vinced that this Mrs. Haleſworth was " the widow of my old friend. I wrote " to her, expreſſing my wiſh to be known " to the family of a man I remembered " with great affection. Her ſon anſwered " my letter by a viſit at my lodgings the " next day. I was greatly pleaſed with his

" his manners; and afterwards we often
" met. He was of courſe introduced to
" the friends with whom Caroline reſided
" till you came to town. I that Mr.
" Haleſworth was immediately ſtruck
" with her perſon; but as I imagined him
" not as giddy and volatile as moſt other
" young men, yet not likely to form any
" laſting attachment, I gave no encou-
" ragement to the particular attention he
" ſeemed diſpoſed to ſhew her; and ra-
" ther prevented than promoted frequent
" interviews. At length Haleſworth
" ſpoke to me; he ſaid, that having a
" paſſion for the country, it was his in-
" tention to retire to the houſe formerly
" his uncle's, and to reſide there almoſt
" conſtantly; but as entire ſolitude was
" not his plan, he intended to marry, if
" he could find a young woman of merit
" and beauty who thought ſhe could be
" contented to live in the way he pro-
" poſed, and who had the ſweetneſs of
" temper, and affection for him, which
" would be neceſſary to enſure their mu-
" tual happineſs. He added, that though
" his mother preferred living at Bath on
" account

" account of her health, and ſome con-
" nexions ſhe had there, he always in-
" tended to reſerve for her and his ſiſters
" apartments in his houſe; and whoever
" he married, muſt aſſiſt him on every oc-
" caſion to ſhew his mother the grateful
" remembrance he retained of the pain-
" ful ſtruggles ſhe had made for him in
" his infancy and childhood.

" I was ſo well pleaſed with what my
" friend ſaid, that I own I wiſhed it might
" be of Caroline he thought, in giving
" this deſcription; and I know not if
" there's another man in England who
" would have excited this wiſh; for I
" well know, my dear ſiſter, that you
" think very early and haſty marriages
" extremely hazardous to the happineſs
" of the parties.

" Haleſworth ſoon became more expli-
" cit. He made it, he told me, a point
" of honour not to endeavour to engage
" my daughter's favourable thoughts, till
" he knew whether I honoured him with
" ſuch a ſhare of my eſteem as might in-
" duce me to entruſt him with the being

" who

" who was to me the deareſt on earth.
" I know,' ſaid he, ' that in a caſe of ſuch
" nature you conſider fortune as only a
" ſecundary object; I know you would
" not give your daughter to an emperor,
" if you believed him unworthy as a
" man. What I *am* my good friend, you
" can, perhaps, hardly judge—what I
" ſhall be depends greatly on the woman
" I ſhall marry. If I ſhould meet with
" one who rendered my home comfort-
" leſs, I am conſcious that my temper
" might change with my views, and that
" I might ſeek to conſole myſelf in the
" diſſipation I now diſlike. I have been
" educated in the ſchool of adverſity; and
" I believe I ſhall not acquit myſelf ill in
" proſperity, if I am ſo happy as to find,
" united with a beautiful perſon, an heart
" and underſtanding congenial with my
" own. The lovelineſs of Miſs Cecil is
" ſuch as muſt enchant every eye. I am
" perſuaded that her countenance is the
" index to her mind. She is your daugh-
" ter; can there be any young woman in
" the world who poſſeſſes in my opinion
" half ſo many attractions?'

" You

" You may ſuppoſe, my ſiſter, that the " anſwer I gave to my young friend was " not unfavourable to his wiſhes. I told " him, that while I admired his princi- " ples, it was impoſſible to make any ob- " jection to his propoſals; and that though " Caroline was yet ſo young that I ſhould " probably have refuſed any other offer " for her, yet I did not think myſelf juſ- " tified in denying or delaying my con- " ſent, when that only was the objection; " he was therefore at liberty to commu " nicate his ſentiments to Caroline, to " whom I would firſt ſpeak of the honour " he did her by his good opinion. I ad- " ded, however, that my affection for you, " the deference I owed to your under- " ſtanding, and the obligations my daugh- " ter was under to you, determined me " never to diſpoſe of her hand without " your approbation: that in the preſent " caſe there could be no doubt of it; but, " as I expected you within a fortnight in " London, it was only a compliment due " to you to wait your arrival before the " alliance in queſtion was conſidered as " being abſolutely determined upon."

The

The young man, who found that on Mrs. Woodfield's approbation depended the final ſucceſs of his ſuit, could not help feeling ſome awkward ſenſations at his firſt introduction; but there was ſomething ſo candid in her look, ſo faſcinating in her voice, and ſo mild in her manner, that he immediately found himſelf at his eaſe; and before they had been two days acquainted, Mrs. Woodfield confeſſed herſelf one of his moſt zealous friends. Caroline, extremely flattered by her aunt's approbation, now found an additional reaſon to be proud of the affection of Mr. Haleſworth, ſince Mrs. Woodfield allowed him to be a young man of excellent underſtanding.

Her aunt however, a very careful obſerver, began to be ſomewhat alarmed, leſt this little vanity, natural and even laudable enough in itſelf, ſhould ſteal imperceptibly on her young and lively imagination, and produce a degree of ſelf-conſequence which might injure her in the opinion of her lover. All the affection and partiality of Mrs. Woodfield for her niece

niece did not prevent her from ſeeing that the original faults in Caroline's education were not ſo entirely eradicated, but that now and then a glimpſe of thoſe latent errors appeared, of which perſonal vanity was the moſt frequently remarkable. While ſhe remained in the country, this fault was almoſt entirely ſtifled; but ſince ſhe had been introduced again to more general ſociety, and to the places of public amuſement in London, her very elegant perſon had attracted ſuch general admiration that it was impoſſible for her to be inſenſible of it, and it required more reflection and ſteadineſs of mind than is generally poſſeſſed at her age wholly to conceal her conſciouſneſs of it.

Mrs. Woodfield took every opportunity to expreſs her diſapprobation of theſe little ebullitions of vanity; but Caroline was too giddy, too happy, and too well ſatisfied with herſelf, to underſtand them.

The mornings were now employed by Mrs. Woodfield, Caroline, aud Elizabeth, in viſiting what was moſt worthy their curioſity

rioſity in London; while maſters attended Henrietta and Ella, who were however now and then permitted to be of the party. Mr. Haleſworth was ſometimes their attendant, and ſometimes Colonel Cecil.

Caroline had been ſitting for her picture at one of the moſt eminent painters; the firſt that had been drawn was for her father. Mr. Haleſworth deſired that another might be begun for *him*.

That already finiſhed was framed and placed among the pictures in the gallery which were moſt worthy the notice of the perſons who daily reſorted to ſee them.

While Mrs. Woodfield and her party were ſurveying theſe, and Caroline was waiting tilll ſhe could be admitted to the ſitting-room, a party of ſtrangers came in, who gave their opinions on the pictures with more freedom than prudence, ſince they knew not who liſtened to their remarks.

Three gentlemen however, and one of the ladies, agreed in declaring that the picture of Caroline was infinitely the prettieſt among them; and they expreſſed their wonder that ſo lovely a young woman as ſhe muſt be whoſe likeneſs that painting repreſented ſhould not be known among the moſt celebrated beauties of the time. "I never remembered hav-"ing ſeen her," ſaid one. "I wiſh I "knew her name," cried another. A third went out to inquire of the perſon who uſually attends in the rooms, but who had been juſt before called away.

Caroline let down her veil, and affected to retire from the hearing of praiſes which her aunt ſaw flattered her ſelf-love but too much. She was ſoon called to ſit; Mrs. Woodfield went with her, and ſaw with concern that her little head was intoxicated by the eulogiums ſhe had heard; and the fine ſpeeches of the painter did not fail to increaſe her internal ſatisfaction, which ſhewed itſelf in the attempts ſhe made to appear ſtill more amiable by varying her attitudes, and throwing

throwing various expreſſions into her countenance.

Her aunt, who rejoiced that Mr. Haleſworth happened not to be there, addreſſed her thus, as ſoon as they got into the coach to return home:

Mrs. Woodfield. I am afraid, Caroline, this picture will not be ſo much like as the firſt.

Caroline. Why ſo, my dear aunt?

Mrs. Woodfield. Becauſe I hope, when this laſt picture is finiſhed, you will have conquered this fit of affectation into which I am ſorry to ſay you have relapſed—affectation, which makes you ſkrew yourſelf into an hundred attitudes, and diſfigure your face by grimaces, ſuch as if Mr. ——— copies them, will make the picture like any thing but Caroline Cecil as ſhe was and ought to be, and as I truſt ſhe will be, when the happineſs of a man of merit depends on her being as unaffected in her manners as ingenuous in her mind. You were perhaps flattered by

by the praiſes laviſhed on your picture by thoſe young men; and the pleaſure they afforded you, excited that ſilly attempt to look ſtill better in that which is now drawing. But admitting it really repreſented uncommon beauty, do you not recollect the reproof given by the philoſopher* to his pupil? Alas! my dear Caroline, ought *you* not to bluſh at being proud of that of which a piece of canvaſs is capable?

* Who ſeeing a young man pleaſed with the beauty of a buſt that repreſented him, ſaid—"Are "you not aſhamed of being vain of that which "a piece of braſs is capable?"

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE VIII.

DANGEROUS FLATTERY.

AFTER having been ſo long accuſtomed to hear only the ſeducing voice of praiſe, (for Colonel Cecil, who doated upon his daughter, never perceived ſhe had a fault,) Mrs. Woodfield was not without apprehenſions that in reproving her errors, however gently, ſhe ſhould loſe the affection of her niece. This, though extremely painful to her, ſhe was determined to hazard, not only becauſe ſhe felt it to be her duty, but becauſe, from the obſervations ſhe made on the character and temper of Mr. Haleſworth, ſhe was ſure that it was the apparent coincidence of Caroline's diſpoſition with his own that had attracted his regard, rather than her beauty or acquirements; and ſhe was afraid that, ſhould he have reaſon

reaſon to believe himſelf miſtaken in the idea he had thus formed, he might either repent of the engagement he had made, or with doubting and uneaſineſs fulfil it.

A man who had projected a rational ſcheme of life could hardly fail of being rendered unhappy, if, inſtead of a reaſonable woman, he ſhould find himſelf married to a coquet, who to a love of admiration would ſacrifice the domeſtic comfort he had expected. Mr. Haleſworth had probably ſeen ſome melancholy inſtance of this among his own friends, for in his converſations with Mrs. Woodfield he had often mentioned it as one of the moſt frequent errors of young women who have been extolled for their beauty, and had objected to many of thoſe who were the preſent objects of general admiration, that the avidity with which they invited the rude gaze of the multitude, and ſought for the ſtare of wonder, even from the loweſt of the people, while they liſtened to the moſt fulſome flattery from perſons whom they otherwiſe would have

deſpiſed,

deſpiſed, were, in his opinion, ſuch unequivocal marks of weakneſs of mind, and depravity of taſte, that they wholly counteracted the effect of the moſt eminent perſonal advantages. Mr. Halefworth was very much in love, but Mrs. Woodfield was convinced that he was not ſo blinded by his paſſion as to be unable to diſcern the faults of its object. She even believed that he had ſtrength of mind enough to break his fetters, if he ſhould be once convinced theſe faults were incorrigible—and originating in the heart.

Though Caroline certainly felt for this deſerving young man the preference he deſerved, and was ſenſible of thoſe good qualities of his underſtanding which ſo greatly recommended him to the friendſhip and confidence of her father, Mrs. Woodfield remarked with pain, among the numerous acquaintance of Colonel Cecil, that frequently joined their party in the Park or Kenſington-gardens, two gentlemen, on whoſe approach the eyes of Caroline ſparkled with pleaſure, and

that

that when they left her ſhe ſeemed to loſe her vivacity for a moment, and to liſten to any one who ſpoke to her with a cold and abſent air. One of theſe was a man of very high rank, and ſplendid fortune. It was known that he was to be married to a young woman, who, though ſhe was of inferior birth and poſſeſſed very few external advantages, was ſelected on account of the great fortune to which ſhe was heireſs.

Lord Landeville, profeſſing himſelf a moſt enthuſiaſtic admirer of beauty wherever it was to be found, had introduced himſelf to the family with whom Caroline had been on a viſit; and, about a week before the arrival of Mrs. Woodfield in London, had taken it into his head to addreſs to her many of thoſe fine ſpeeches which, though they mean nothing, are ſo often found fatally intoxicating to young minds. He failed not to tell her that ſhe was much handſomer than Lady ———, or Lady ———, or Miſs ———, who were the reigning beauties; that it was impoſſible to behold her without admiration;

admiration; that he had been ſtruck with her the moment he ſaw her, and was amazed that her father had ſo long hidden her in the country. To all this Caroline anſwered coldly enough at firſt, but by degrees ſhe was unable to conceal the ſatisfaction it gave her to ſee thoſe to whom Lord Landeville had formerly paid attention whiſpering about her with evident marks of uneaſineſs, and hardly able to help expreſſing their vexation aloud as they paſſed her. Mr. Haleſworth, whoſe mind was very liberal, had ſeen this ſcene once or twice at the beginning of their acquaintance without any notice; he knew that Lord Landeville had the reputation of taking a fooliſh pleaſure in adminiſtering to vanity; but he believed Caroline's good ſenſe ſet her above any danger that might ariſe from his adulation; and he thought himſelf ſure that ſhe had too much affection for him to encourage the aſſiduity of ſuch a man.

A few days after Mrs. Woodfield came to town, his mother was taken ill at the

the houſe of a friend near Windſor, where ſhe ſtopped on her way from Bath, and Mr. Haleſworth haſtened thither to ſee her. He found the danger to be much greater than he had apprehended; and as he was gratefully attached to his mother, he ſent for the beſt advice, and determined not to leave her till there was no longer any thing to fear. Caroline therefore, to the infinite concern of her aunt, was more likely to be beſieged by the inſidious flattery of theſe dangerous men; though Mrs. Woodfield, declaring it was no more than a decent compliment to Mr. Haleſworth to refrain, refuſed to go to any evening amuſement, and confined her excurſions ſolely to Kenſington-gardens.

There, on the firſt day of their appearance without Mr. Haleſworth, they were met by Lord Landeville, who, the moment he ſaw Caroline, left a party of his own rank, and walking for a moment by the ſide of Elizabeth, who was at the extremity of the line they formed, he preſently contrived to approach nearer to

to her couſin, and then in a whiſper ſaid, "How comes it, lovely Miſs Cecil, that "you are here without your uſual guard, "that happy fellow who, they tell me, "is to carry you off to ſome famous old "caſtle of his?"

Caroline (bluſhing deeply). I really do not underſtand your Lordſhip.

Lord Landeville. No? why it is true, isn't it, that you are to be married to that Mr. —— Mr. —— upon my ſoul I've forgot his name, though I thought I could remember any that was mentioned with *yours*, however obſcure it might be Why, they tell me the man is a Yanky—an American.—Good God! Miſs Cecil, you are not going to the New World, I hope?

Caroline. Not if I am to be ſhut up in a famous old caſtle, you know.

Lord Landeville. Eh? why not? why not? there may be caſtles, for ought I know, In America—or have they got nothing there but negro-houſes, and to-

bacco-

bacco-ſhops, eh? Egad, if you are immured here, I know a party muſt be made to ſcale the walls. The man is not to be tolerated in civilized ſociety who thinks of concealing the moſt beautiful woman in Europe; nothing but an American would dream of ſuch an act of barbarity.

Caroline, half angry and half flattered, knew not what to reply. Mrs. Woodfield, who had been for a moment engaged in converſation with a friend whom ſhe had not ſeen before for ſome years, turned towards Caroline juſt time enough to hear ſomething of this ſpeech, though not diſtinctly. She ſpoke to her niece, making ſome obſervation on the perſon who had juſt left her. Caroline anſwered ſlightly and confuſedly.—Lord Landeville then ſaid in an half whiſper,

Lord L———. Pray tell me who that is? You are always ſo ſurrounded now, that there is now ſpeaking to you. You have no mother, I think?

Caroline. No, my Lord.

Lord

Lord L———. So you are under the care of that good lady, I ſuppoſe?

Caroline. Yes, my Lord.

Lord L———. No, my Lord, and Yes, my Lord! and ſo that is all you will tell me. Pray, is your chapron an American too?

Caroline. My father's ſiſter, ſir.

Lord L———. Oh! ho! ſhe does not live in town, I ſuppoſe; and one has no chance of being reckoned among her acquaintance.

At that moment one of his friends came haſtily up, and telling him he had ſomething very material to ſay to him, they walked away together; but the place Lord Landeville had left was inſtantly ſeized by another, who had often expreſſed, though with much more reſerve, his admiration of Caroline.

This young man, whoſe name was Irby, had originally poſſeſſed a very good fortune; but, having lived what is called

called the life of a fine man about town, he had greatly diminiſhed his property; yet his appearance was not changed, except that he affected, or perhaps really felt at certain times, a degree of languid deſpondence, which, added to ſome talents, and the credit of having more, together with the faſhion he had acquired, failed not to make him a ſort of favourite among his female acquaintance; though by the men he was decried as a literary coxcomb; laughed at by ſome, feared by others, but approved by very few.

The artful homage which ſuch a perſon affected to offer to Caroline was even more dangerous to the ſober diſcernment of her underſtanding, than the arrogant condeſcenſion of Lord Landeville.

Mr. Irby. I have ſeen you in the gardens above an hour, Miſs Cecil, without finding an opportunity to ſpeak to you. Ah! you are now ſo *entouree*, either by your friends or your admirers, that

that one has little chance of beholding you but

"As ſome bright particular ſtar;"

and even that dangerour pleaſure will, I ſuppoſe, be denied us?

Caroline. What anſwer do you expect to ſuch common place ſayings?

Mr. Irby. Ah! Miſs Cecil, I expect nothing—I am not ſo fortunate as to dare to form any expectations—it would indeed be wiſer for me to remain ſilent:

Caroline. It would indeed, unleſs you can determine to treat one like a rational creature. Do pray talk to me as you do to other people.

Mr. Irby. How can you expect that, when you look ſo unlike other people? Do you remember the converſation we had about a fortnight ſince, when you declared to your young friends, though the fortunate Mr. Haleſworth was in the circle, that you knew not what was meant by love? I know that whatever does not come

come from the favoured hand is but ill received—yet I have ventured to attempt an Engliſh verſion of the French ſong I then repeated to you. May I offer you a copy of it?

Caroline. Oh, no! I never take copies of ſongs—I dare ſay it is very well done; and the next time we are in ſuch a little circle of friends as that in which this converſation began, you ſhall read it, or ſing it if you will.

Mr. Irby. We are not likely to meet in any ſuch circle, for I am under the neceſſity of leaving London very ſoon.

Caroline. Not to be abſent long, I ſuppoſe, at this time of the year?

Mr. Irby. Perhaps, however, I may never again reviſit this country; but that is to you immaterial. You will not ſuffer me to offer you this triffle, and I cannot addreſs myſelf to Mrs. Woodfield without impertinence. I would not preſume to offer any thing that was the production of levity; but you know we agreed

agreed that the ſong I had the honor to repeat to you, breathed an air of devotional euthuſiaſm, and might ſerve as a feeble comment on ſome of the lines in the Botanic Garden.

Caroline. Probably my aunt will be obliged by any communication you may think proper to make to her.

Mr. Irby. No! I dare not trouble her with ſuch a requeſt: but ſince you will not read it, I will repeat it to you.

SONG, *from the French.*

I.

Ah! ſay, the fair Miranda cried,
Say where the abode of love is found:
Pervading nature, I replied,
His influence ſpreads the world around.
When morning's arrowy beams ariſe,
He ſparkles in the enlivening ray;
And bluſhes in the glowing ſkies;
As roſy evening fades away.

II.

The ſummer winds that gently blow,
The flocks that bleat along the glades,
The nightingale that ſoft and low
With muſic fills the liſtening ſhades;

The murmurs of the ſilver ſurf,
All echo Love's enchanting notes:
From violets lurking in the turf,
His balmy breath thro' ether floats;
From perfum'd flowers and dewy leaves
Delicious ſcents he bids exhale;
He ſmiles amid the autumnal ſheaves,
And clothes with green the graſſy vale:
But when that throne the God aſſumes,
Where his moſt powerful influence lies,
'Tis on Miranda's cheek he blooms,
And lightens from her radiant eyes.

As Caroline was convinced, from his reading theſe lines, that the paper on which they were written contained nothing elſe, and could not help being flattered with the compliment they conveyed, ſhe ventured to take it when Mr. Irby again offered it; but with a reſolution to ſhew the verſes to her father as ſoon as an opportunity offered. Mrs. Woodfield, though engaged continually by ſome of her acquaintance, was not inattentive to what paſſed; and now ſeeing Lord Landeville again approaching to ſpeak to Caroline, ſhe complained of being fatigued, and immediately got in among

among the crowd who were leaving the gardens, to avoid him. Mr. Irby, however, followed them to the coach-door, and there with a melancholy air took leave of Caroline, bowing gravely to the reſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. Who is that young man, Caroline?

Caroline. It is a Mr. Irby, who is reckoned a remarkably clever man.

Mrs. Woodfield. What was he repeating to you? Some of his own poetry?

Caroline. It was the tranſlation of a French ſong, which I intend to ſhew my father and you. I thought there could be nothing wrong in my taking it.

Mrs. Woodfield. That depends greatly on the manner in which it was offered.

Caroline. Poor Mr. Irby! he always ſeems ſo unhappy! and there is ſomething ſo mild and agreeable in his manner.

Mrs. Woodfield. You ſeem to think the manners of Lord Landeville agreeable too, though, from the little I could obſerve, it appears to me as if nothing was ever ſo oppoſite as his to thoſe of Mr. Irby.

Caroline (bluſhing). Yes; but Lord Landeville is—that is, his manners are ſo faſhionable, he is ſo odd, and has always ſo much to ſay for himſelf——

Mrs. Woodfield. That is to ſay, he flatters you moſt unreſervedly. I wonder, my dear Caroline, that you, who have really a very good underſtanding, ſhould be ſo blinded by vanity, as not to perceive that *ſuch* converſation, from *ſuch* a man, is inſulting. Why will you not ſee that he thinks he does you an honor by talking to you, and laughs at the impreſſion he ſees his adulation makes on you?

Caroline (much mortified). I am ſorry you ſhould think that I am ſo ridiculous; there is ſurely, dear aunt, nothing uncommon, nor any thing improper, in converſing

converſing in public with a man of rank.

Mrs. Woodfield. But, ſituated as you are, it is highly improper to liſten to ſuch ſort of ſpeeches as I know Lord Landeville made to you this morning.

Caroline. My dear aunt, indeed I do nothing but what every other young woman does; when one lives in the country for a great while, one is ſo apt to think the manners of ſociety in town are ſtrange!

Mrs. Woodfield. I underſtand what you would ſay. Caroline; but do allow me to remark to you, that there is one general line of propriety which no change of manners or variation of faſhion can juſtify our quitting. Do you really think it a compliment, and not an inſult, when a man, whatever may be his rank, ſneers at your neareſt relations, and, knowing your engagement, affronts you with impertinent remarks on your future deſtiny?

Caroline (confuſed). It is only Lord Landeville's way; he means nothing but ſmall-talk.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. Recommend it to him then, the next time you liſten to him, to chooſe ſome other ſubject: it would, however, be much more pleaſing to me, if you were to diſcourage theſe gentlemen altogether: and though you may perhaps believe, as you juſt now hinted, that from my long reſidence in the country I am become a ruſticated and old-faſhioned prude, yet I believe I could convince you that fine people, and eſpecially men of this ſort, are really very like each other, though ſome predominant faſhion of the day may make the arrogant or ſentimental coxcomb of the preſent time ſeem to differ, as far as phraſes or airs can go, from the ſame claſs of men who *flouriſhed* (to uſe an hiſtorical expreſſion) ten or fifteen years ſince. While I lived in what is called the world, which is not in my imagination ſo long ago as it is in yours, I was acquainted with a Mrs. Parker, who was by ſome reckoned a pretty woman, and by all allowed to be a ſhewy figure, which, as ſhe was always dreſt to the greateſt advantage, made her ſomewhat conſpicuous

conſpicuous in public; and in public ſhe always ſeemed to live, for ſhe was every where to be ſeen. Her great paſſion was for being noticed by men of rank, or thoſe who had contrived to render themſelves ſomehow or other remarkable. In ſuch a purſuit it was not difficult to ſucceed. She continued to enlarge her acquaintance, and acquire ſome degree of faſhion: but ſuch a reign is never very long; the little beauty Mrs. Parker ever poſſeſſed was ſoon injured by late hours, and the coſmetic arts ſhe uſed to increaſe it. She ſtill however dreſſed to the extremity of faſhion, as if to make up in ſhew what ſhe wanted in genuine beauty; and as ſhe gave very good ſuppers, and played deep, ſhe ſtill appeared with a ſort of eclat, though younger and fairer objects were daily ſuperſeding her in the attention of thoſe whom ſhe moſt wiſhed to attract. Her vanity, however, "*ſtill follow'd through*;" but the ſame airs and tricks which were tolerated, or perhaps by the fooliſh admired, while ſhe was in the bloom of youth, became ridiculous in a woman of five or ſix and thirty; and

and thoſe who affected to admire her, often amuſed themſelves with laughing at her. I had latterly but little acquaintance with her, not more indeed than juſt allowed a curtſey as we paſſed; when, being one night at Ranelagh, I heard ſome young men of faſhion laughing exceſſively as they walked juſt behind the party I was with, and repeating the name of Mrs. Parker in a way which made me liſten to their converſation; from which I found, that a ſet of them, having diſcovered the foible of this miſtaken woman, had found great amuſement in addreſſing her alternately with the moſt fulſome flattery, the moſt hyperbolical praiſe, while the reſt entertained themſelves by watching the contortions ſhe threw herſelf into that ſhe might appear amiable; and now they were remarking to each other, that Sir Frederic —— had ſucceeded beſt of them all in delighting her by his converſation, for ſhe was "*making the curſedeſt faces ſhe had made yet.*"

I ſuppoſe, Caroline, you would be ſomewhat mortified to hear ſuch remarks made on you?

Caroline.

Caroline. I am not five and thirty, aunt; and I hope I have none of that ſort of affectation that made this acquaintance of yours ſo very abſurd.

Mrs. Woodfield. You are not five and thirty, it is true; but if you acquire theſe habits, you will undoubtedly learn to practiſe ſuch grimaces, which will grow upon you imperceptibly, and at five and thirty will render you not only ridiculous, but inſupportable. That violent thirſt of admiration, which I am concerned to ſay you are too liable to, almoſt always defeats its own purpoſe. Much is pardoned in youth by grave and thinking people: but men who reſemble Lord Landeville enjoy the ridiculous in whatever object it appears; and perhaps, nay probably, while ſuch a man is telling you that you are ſomething ſupernatural, he laughs at you the next moment for appearing to believe him, and ſays to one of his companions, "I have been talking to Cecil's "daughter, till the little affected coquet "has half a mind to jilt this American "fellow that her father is going to marry

" her to. 'Tis the vaineſt conceited girl
" I ever met with, and with flattery
" enough one might make her believe
" juſt what one would."

Caroline was too much piqued and mortified to make any reply; but retired to her room, more out of humour with her aunt than ſhe had ever been ſince the firſt fortnight of her reſidence at the country retirement two years before.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE IX.

SOPHY.

THE next morning at breakfaſt, Colonel Cecil, who had been on a viſit to Mrs. Haleſworth, aſked, in a gay manner, how the preceding day had paſſed. "Haleſworth," ſaid he, "will be in town "to-morrow, and we will have a coun-"cil called to conſider how we ſhall paſs "the enſuing week, for, as his mother "is ſo much better, he now gives all "uneaſineſs to the winds. I think his "preſence begins to be neceſſary to en-"liven us a little, for all of you ſeem "mighty grave."

Mrs. Woodfield. I at leaſt ſhall rejoice in his return, for I not only meet no *young* man ſo rational, but no perſon that I meet—

Henrietta.

Henrietta. And I am ſure I ſhall be very glad; for when Mr. Haleſworth walks with us, he is *ſo* good-natured to me and Ella, and takes *ſuch* care of us through the crowd: but when he is gone, ſome fine gentleman or other always comes to walk by my couſin Caroline's ſide, and they look as if they had a great mind to ſay, "What buſineſs have *you* "here, you little diſagreeable things? "you are always in the way." Nay, they ſerved Elizabeth ſo yeſterday; and ſhe had almoſt loſt us in that great number of people.

Mrs. Woodfield. Indeed it is true, that nobody is half ſo good-natured and attentive as Mr. Haleſworth.

Col. Cecil. He differs as much from the cold and rude inſenſibility of modern men of faſhion, in that ſort of native civility, as he does in many other qualities. My little Henrietta ſhews her diſcernment. But pray who were your attendants, Caroline, in the gardens yeſterday?

Caroline. Nobody very particularly to be noticed, papa; I ſaw a great many people

people I knew: Lord Landeville walked a little while with us.

Col. Cecil. I am glad it was *but* a little while, for he is a man whoſe notice does you no honor.

Caroline. I ſpoke a few words to Captain Melifont, whom I met with his ſiſters; he ſays the Admiral is much recovered.

Henrietta. Yes, couſin Caroline; and then you know there was the gentleman we met at the play one night, that they ſaid wrote plays himſelf, and who is always making verſes, I think, as he talks.

Caroline. Mr. Irby, perhaps, you mean? Yes, Mr. Irby took one turn with our party. He ſays he is going abroad very ſoon.

Col. Cecil. Poor Irby! He is a man of whom, a few years ago, I had a very good opinion. When I firſt knew him, he was very young, and appeared to have talents

talents that might have rendered him reſpectable; but, for want of their being balanced by judgment, they have been the cauſe of his waſte of time, and of his having diſſipated his paternal fortune. Powers, which would have enabled him to plead the cauſe of the injured, or which might have been exerted for the benefit of his country, he has frittered away in the character of a literary lounger. He now compoſes ſongs, writes epilogues, and elegant riddles; is the very firſt man at an inexplicable charade, and is admitted into ſociety as a light ſummer-wit.

Caroline (bluſhing). He gave me the tranſlation of a French ſong, Sir, which, I believe, is not ill done.

Mrs. Woodfield. (gravely). You were to ſhew it, I think, to your father?

Caroline. There it is, Sir.

Col. Cecil (having read it). It is not much amiſs, as a tranſlation; and were it not for the compliment at the end, in which, I ſuppoſe, the French author, and perhaps

perhaps his tranſlator, imagined the merit of the whole to conſiſt, it might claim more merit than is generally due to ſuch trifles; for the idea it refers to is much more ſublime than the image of a mere love ſong—the ſpirit of univerſal benevolence animating and pervading all nature; and even with the turn here given it, in praiſe of an individual, it ſhould ſeem, the poet means to ſay, that the beauties of all thoſe objects which heaven has created to cheer and ſooth the human heart, ſeemed to be united by the intereſting view of beauty in its youth and innocence. The immediate impreſſion of the Divine hand is never more clearly acknowledged than in a young and lovely female form, unſullied by affectation, unchanged by any of thoſe paſſions which, where once they have been harboured, leave indelible marks on the pliant features.—I mean vanity, pride, arrogance, malice, and envy;—the gloom of diſappointed pretenſions, the ſcowl excited by ſuperior merit, the ſmirk of ſelf-conſequence, or the haughty contracted brow of imaginary ſuperiority. I am afraid we

muſt

muſt not look too narrowly, or we ſhall find, even in many very young ſubjects, this firſt bloom of the faireſt faces already gone; though there have been thoſe who, without any great ſhare of beauty, have preſerved, even to age, ſuch an expreſſion of the mind, that time itſelf has failed to render them unlovely, though perhaps they had ceaſed many years either to be, or to wiſh to be, the ſubjects of ſuch flattery as this. I ſuppoſe now, Caroline, you were rather elated with being thus the ſubject of Mr. Irby's muſe, for of courſe you applied this concluding compliment to yourſelf?

Caroline. No! really, my dear papa, I thought nothing about the flattery; I thought the verſes were pretty well as a tranſlation.

Col. Cecil. And tell me now, do you not think Mr. Irby one of the moſt agreeable men in the world?

Caroline. He is generally reckoned ſo, I believe. I do not know a great deal

of

of him myſelf; but I hear him called very agreeable.

Col. Cecil. Yes, poor fellow! and he has acquired that character at the expence of his fortune, and of his reputation as a man of ſenſe. I am much afraid that he will not find, (to uſe a mercantile phraſe,) that the *returns* are adequate to the ſacrifices he has made. The wits, and the beauties, who five or ſix years ago agreed to bring him into faſhion, are ſome of them become mothers of families, and have no time or inclination to read ſongs to "myrtle leaves," or Pindarics about blue clouds and green lawns: Others have, with their hopes of making their fortunes, loſt their taſte and their good-humour; and poor Irby is forced to ſeek new admirers, when he has not half ſo many advantages as he at firſt had to attract them. He now conceals the remorſe he feels for having waſted his time and his fortune, under a ſort of ſentimental melancholy, which, they ſay, makes him vaſtly intereſting among the ladies; but thoſe who know his former conduct

conduct ought not to be much affected, either by his real or his artificial diſtreſſes.

Mrs. Woodfield. What was his former conduct, then?

Col. Cecil. He ſet out in the world, as I believe I told you, with a very genteel fortune; an underſtanding naturally good and highly cultivated. He formed early an attachment to a very lovely young woman, who was in every reſpect a ſuitable match for him, and who had five or ſix thouſand pounds. He was a man very likely to acquire the affection of any young perſon whom he ſeriouſly addreſſed; and his miſtreſs thought her lot the happieſt in the world, when, every preliminary being agreed upon, they came attended by her friends to London to purchaſe the uſual fineries, and have the ſettlements drawn. During that interval, Irby renewed his acquaintance among ſome very gay young men of faſhion, whom he had known at College; and being introduced by their means into a new circle of acquaintance, his intended bride began to obſerve,

that

that he was leſs aſſidious in his attendance upon her, and frequently left her, when they were together in public, to join ſome other party; while, on returning to her, (if he did return,) he appeared cold, abſent, and ſometimes almoſt peeviſh. Sophy endeavoured long to conceal from herſelf what every day became more viſible; but ſhe was ſtill more anxious to conceal it from others, who were, however, if not more clear-ſighted than herſelf, leſs diſpoſed to be ſilent on what they ſaw. Her aunt, the neareſt relation ſhe had, (for her parents were both dead,) determined, notwithſtanding all Sophy ***** could ſay, to ſpeak to him very plainly: Having a great deal of ſpirit herſelf, ſhe reproached her niece with the want of it; and waited with impatience for an opportunity to *inſiſt* on his explaining himſelf. To irritate her ſtill more, he ſent that day a cold note, to ſay, he was going with a party of friends to ſome races near London; and when he appeared again two or three days afterwards, he ſaid he was ſorry he could only ſtay a few minutes, being engaged

engaged to dinner at Windſor. Sophy, with tears in her eyes, attempted to make ſome gentle remonſtrance, but ſhe was not able to expreſs herſelf. Her aunt, however, who had juſt received from a female friend, intelligence which had raiſed her anger to the higheſt degree, ruſhed into the room almoſt inarticulate with rage, and began to reproach Mr. Irby with his baſe and unworthy treatment of her niece. "You have uſed her "ſhamefully," ſaid ſhe; "and it is re-"ported every where, that you are going "to be married to the Dowager Lady "D———. Now, Sir, is this true, or "is it not? If it is, allow me to tell you, "that your conduct is the more wicked "and cowardly, inaſmuch as you know "Sophy has no father or brother to call "you to an account."

Irby heard this angry ſpeech with ſome ſurpriſe; but, diſdaining to anſwer it, he turned to poor Sophy, and telling her that it was impoſſible for him to ſtay with a lady who treated him in a manner ſo undeſervedly

undeſervedly ſevere, he made a cold bow and left them.

Mrs. Thornbury the aunt of Sophy, on whom ſhe had very conſiderable dependance, now inſiſted on her determining never to ſee him again. The unhappy girl could only weep, and entreat to have a little time that Mr. Irby might explain himſelf; but her aunt, who was of a violent and paſſionate temper, gave her only two hours to conſider, whether ſhe would give up her lover, or, for *his ſake* who had ſo neglected and affronted her relinquiſh the only relation ſhe had. Sophy, believing it impoſſible Irby could thus leave her, wrote to him a mild remonſtrance, entreating him to ſee her immediately, that he might come to an amicable explanation with her aunt. The meſſenger came back to ſay he was gone out of town with Lord ———, and that his return was uncertain. Overwhelmed with vexation and ſorrow, and unable to reſiſt the peremptory temper of her aunt, Sophy was carried into the country. Whatever were Irby's intentions before, he

he was piqued at her departure, and reſentment completed what vanity began. He ſent back all the letters Sophy had written to him, together with her picture; and received in return every preſent he had made to her and her aunt. The ſpiteful condolences of ſome of the acquaintance whom ſhe was compelled to ſee on her return home, and the continual invectives of her aunt againſt a man of whom ſhe could not prevail upon herſelf to think ill, were very bitter to the ſoft and mild temper of poor Sophy, who had need of all her religion, and all her reſignation, to prevent herſelf from ſinking under the diſappointment.

Irby in the mean time, whoſe vanity had miſled him from the path where he would probably have found happineſs, was trying to make that vanity conſole him. The Dowager Lady D——, whom he had ſo conſtantly attended as to make the breach between him and Sophy, was a woman of great wit, very gay and diſſipated; who had a ſtrange pleaſure in making fools of thoſe who either thought themſelves

themſelves wiſe, or were ſuppoſed to be ſo by others. Irby was one of theſe; and his vanity made him believe, that Lady D—— was ſo captivated by his underſtanding and the brilliancy of his wit, that ſhe was content to overlook, in his favor, the diſparity of fortune, rank, and even age; and thus infatuated, he *more* than heſitated, he almoſt determined, to give up his poor Sophy, whom he had been of late taught to conſider as a good ſort of country girl, with whom he ſhould merely have vegetated in rural obſcurity: ſtill, however, his firſt affection for her was not ſo obliterated, but what it gave him many a pang. Unfortunately, (at leaſt ſuch was part of his excuſe to his intimate friends,) the vulgar violence of Mrs. Thornbury determined him to break his chains. Every one pronounced, however, againſt him; while; by the novel-reading and verſe-making ſentimentaliſts among the women, it was ſettled that Sophy muſt certainly die: it was the rule in all theſe caſes, and nobody was ever *leſs* likely to become an exception. Sophy proved one, however; ſhe had a great deal

deal of ſenſe, and ſuffered that ſenſe ſo far to operate, as to begin an inquiry, whether ſhe was not in fact fortunate in what had happened, and whether ſhe *could* have been happy with a man who had ſo little ſteady principle as to be thus, like a feather, carried about by every air. "If," ſaid ſhe, "he really prefers this "widow, Lady D——, I am ſurely happy "in not having been his wife, when he "diſcovered ſuch a preference; and if "it is merely the fooliſh vanity of being "admired for his talents that has ſo "carried him away, I have eſcaped, per-"haps, many mortifications; for if before "our marriage his affection for me was "not ſtrong enough to keep him from "ſuch wandering attachments, on ſuch "motives, it would certainly not have "deterred him afterwards; and *I* ſhould "have been left to mourn in ſolitude and "neglect."

By theſe reflections, Sophy at laſt conquered her regret; and to the great wonder of her acquaintance, recovered her ſpirits and her looks. Her aunt's health

making

making the waters of Buxton neceſſary, ſhe attended her thither, where ſhe became acquainted with the only ſon of a man of very conſiderable property in the North. Without any remarkable talents, he had a very good plain underſtanding; his perſon was pleaſing, and his manners thoſe of a man well educated. He was the laſt of a very ancient and honourable family; and his relations were extremely ſolicitous that he ſhould marry; his father making no other ſtipulation with him, but that he ſhould chooſe a gentlewoman. He had never yet ſeen the woman he could prefer, till Sophy, with her unaffected character and pleaſing perſon, attracted him. He immediately made propoſals; and Sophy, with an ingenuous modeſty that rivetted his fetters, told him how near ſhe had been to an indiſſoluble union with Mr. Irby; and related the particulars of their ſeparation. Her preſent lover feared only that the return of Irby to his ſenſes might deprive him of a woman who was, he thought, calculated above all others to make him happy: he haſtened, therefore, the concluſion of his

marriage; and the following winter Sophy appeared in town with a degree of ſplendor greater than many fortunes can afford, but which was perfectly juſtified by that ſhe now poſſeſſed. Her native ſimplicity and modeſty of manners remained unaltered in this change of circumſtances: ſhe conformed to the wiſhes of her huſband as to her appearance; but ſhe neither thought herſelf better, or happier, for outſhining moſt of her former acquaintance.

Irby had in the mean time conſiderably diminiſhed his fortune, and had awakened from his dreams of magnificent alliances, to regret the loſs of Sophy; whom he unfortunately met at an aſſembly ſo unexpectedly, that, confident as he is, he betrayed the emotion he felt to every body near him. Sophy, who had now entirely conquered every remains of partiality, ſaw him with as much indifference as any other ſtranger in the room; and when they frequently happened afterwards to be in the ſame parties, ſhe convinced him, by the unaffected eaſe of her manner, that

that he had no longer the power to occaſion her any regret, or even to excite her ſcorn—he was totally without conſequence. His lounging aſſociates, well acquainted with his foible, and ſeeing how cruelly he was mortified, failed not to torment him on this occaſion; till, piqued to the utmoſt, he was weak and wicked enough to attempt regaining over the mind of Sophy the influence he had loſt: but, without riſking the reſentment of her huſband towards him, ſhe very ſoon convinced Irby, that if ſhe before deſpiſed him as a wavering coxcomb, ſhe now deteſted him as an unprincipled villain. This humiliation, and the declining ſtate of his fortune, induced him to go abroad, where he certainly did not improve in morals; and he is now likely to paſs in pecuniary difficulties the noon of his life, and gradually to ſink into obſcurity, unnoticed by the gay and thoughtleſs crowds who continually puſh by him, to obtain ſome eminence in the world of faſhion.

Mrs. Woodfield. To which he will hardly riſe, I think, by his poetry; for I

obſerve that there is in that, as in feathers and other faſhions, the *rage* of the day. It is time, however, now to ſettle how we ſhall paſs the morning. Suppoſe we hear the lecture on the Orrery;—or ſhall we go to Merlin's? or, as the day is ſo fine, would it not be pleaſant to go to Curtis's botanic garden at Brompton, where ſo many plants are now in bloom, and then viſit ſome of the nurſery gardens about Chelſea? Ah! Elizabeth and Henrietta, I ſee to which of theſe ſchemes you incline. Well, brother, will you decide for us?

Col. Cecil. I will decide for two of theſe pleaſures, ſince you have time for them; and Ella here will like the miracles of Merlin, as well as your two little diſciples of Flora the gardens they are to viſit afterwards. Haleſworth will attend you; as to myſelf I have an engagement in the city.

The little family-party then ſeparated; and Mrs. Woodfield obſerved with pleaſure, that what the Colonel had ſaid of Mr.

Mr. Irby had made a very deep impreſſion on his daughter. It ſeemed as if he had related the ſtory as a counterpoiſon to the dangerous inſinuation of the man himſelf; and that Caroline would for the future think of him as he deſerved. The weak vanity that had induced him to throw away his real happineſs in purſuit of a meteor, reſembled but two much that propenſity which Caroline had to liſten to the flattery of one becauſe of his faſhion, and to another for his wit; and it ſhewed her the danger there was of diſguſting a man truly eſtimable. But theſe convictions were not made on the mind of Caroline without pain; and ſhe could hardly forgive Henrietta for having led the converſation, or Mrs. Woodfield for ſeeming pleaſed at the turn it had taken. Caroline, therefore, was very grave the whole morning; but the younger girls were highly delighted with the mechanical miracles of Merlin: they ſwang, rode on the enchanted horſe, and went through the whole with great admiration; and when they were afterwards journeying towards the garden they were to viſit, there

there was no end of the queſtions they aſked; but they were ſuch as Mrs. Woodfield was but little qualified to anſwer, having no ſkill in mechaniſm.

The pleaſure of her two girls was however infinitely greater, when they arrived among the profuſion of flowers, now in bloom. Henrietta exclaimed "Oh! here "is the ſaxafragas which I have in my "garden; and here is a diſtaff hyacinth; "and look, mamma, what a number of "ſoldinella's; there are fretillaria's, of "two or three ſorts; anemonés too, "much finer than we have at home."

Elizabeth. And what rhododendrum ponticums in bloom! and how delightful are the ſhrubs, the lilacs, laburnhams, and meſpilus; double-bloſſom cherries, and double-bloſſom peaches!

Mrs. Woodfield. There is no end of the catalogue; yet you ſee neither your couſin Caroline; nor Ella, ſeemed to be delighted with them as you and your ſiſter are.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. No! Caroline never did care much about them, and Ella would rather have a paper of ſweetmeats than the moſt beautiful noſegay that ever was gathered.

Mrs. Woodfield. But look at my little botaniſt, Henrietta; ſhe is upon her knees to examine every minute flower unknown to her, and I know it requires the exertion of all the ſelf-denial ſhe has been taught on theſe occaſions, to prevent her gathering them.

Henrietta (returning towards her mother). Oh! mamma! what lovely flowers! There are a great many I never ſaw before; but what I like beſt are thoſe, ſuch as we have at home.

Mrs. Woodfield. You put me in mind of the young Indian from the South Sea Iſlands, who (as the Abbé de Liſle deſcribes him,) being in the then Royal Gardens at Paris, beheld a tree which was a native of his own country, and, embracing it, burſt into tears.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. I think I ſhould have done juſt ſo—Ella, however, never cares, though ſhe ſees a thouſand orange-trees, unleſs it be to aſk for the fruit; yet I have heard that they have groves of oranges, and lemons, and limes in the Weſt Indies.

Mrs. Woodfield. But do you conſider, that a child of Ella's age obſerves nothing; or if ever there is an exception, it ariſes only from accident? A child who without any companion of its own age, lives very much with thinking or ſcientific people, acquires their words, and enters into their purſuits, generally by rote; but ſometimes ſuch a ſituation determines the future fate of their lives, and ſuch accidental circumſtances, operating on quick and active imaginations, produce that particular diſpoſition to the acquirement of any branch of knowledge, which is called *genius*.

But do not condemn our little Weſt-Indian as void even of ſuch powers of reflection as are ſuitable to her age; if ſhe had poſſeſſed even uncommon capacity, it never was in the leaſt degree exerciſed.

The

The firſt ideas ſhe received were the ſenſeleſs prejudices of uninformed negroes, delivered in a jargon more barbarous than that with which our common nurſery-maids vitiate the language of the children they are entruſted with.—We ſee that, even among people of fortune, there are many who, whatever education they may have had, have not any ideas beyond the circle in which they move: one of theſe, if you were to talk to her of plants or your paſſion for flowers, would think you the moſt conceited young perſon in the world; nay, you remember, how we, who are not altogether of this incurious race, agreed, that Miſs B——— was very abſurd, when ſhe talked for two hours upon mineralogy and the arrangement of ſpecimens in her muſeum; yet to her, perhaps, foſſils, ſpars, and various petræ may be as intereſting as the roſe unique, the rhododendrum ferrugineum, the fuſcia, the ericas, or any other of our peculiar favourites, are to us. As to poor Ella, we ſhould conſider her as ſtill a child, and a child who has been very much neglected. We will not believe

her incapable of culture:—though ſhe is a little exotic, we ſhall, perhaps, ſee her bloom in as much perfection as any of our native plants, juſt as many of theſe flowers are much more beautiful, cultivated as we ſee them here, than they are in the woods and wilds they are brought from. But let us now go and inſpect the rock plants, and then, when Caroline and Mr. Haleſworth, who have taken the tour of the garden, rejoin us, we muſt call the little girls and return home.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE X.

ANN WILLOWS.

A week or ten days paſſed without any remarkable occurrence; about the end of that time the party had attended a courſe of philoſophical explanations; the younger part of it had learned from an orrery, what no other means are ſo well calculated to deſcribe, the motion of the planets, which form this aſtoniſhing univerſe:

" So marked on orreries in lucid ſigns,
" Star'd with bright points, the mimic zodiac ſhines;
" Borne on fine wires amid the pictur'd ſkies,
" With ivory orbs the planets ſet and riſe;
" Round the dwarf earth the pearly moon is roll'd,
" And the Sun, twinkling, whirls his rays of gold*."

Afterwards, in talking over what they had ſeen, Mrs. Woodfield ſaid:

* Dr. Darwin.

" Since

"Since I have been this time in Lon-
"don, where, in conſequence of my wiſh
"to inſtruct you, I have viſited places
"which I ſhould otherwiſe, perhaps, not
"have ſeen, I have often reflected on the
"wonderful difference between the preſent
"times and thoſe of which I uſed to hear;
"as to opportunities of inſtruction.—I do
"not ſpeak of the period of my own
"youth; becauſe I paſſed it almoſt entire-
"ly in a remote county till I was fifteen
"or ſixteen, and was ſo ſoon afterwards
"married, and involved in the care of a
"family, that I had no opportunity of
"uſing many advantages, as to informa-
"tion, which were even then to be ob-
"tained in London.

"But in days a little more remote, fa-
"milies, who occaſionally viſited Lon-
"don, uſed to gratify their children with
"a view of the wax-work, the Tower,
"and Weſtminſter Abbey, as the moſt
"intereſting ſpectacles in the metropolis.
"The two latter you have ſeen, I hope,
"with more advantage than ariſes merely
"from their being ſights, ſuch as holiday

people

"people purſue; but you have alſo ſeen
"the beſt productions of Engliſh ſcience,
"in painting; you have heard explanati-
"ons of many of the phenomena of
"nature; you have ſeen, in the machine
"called the orrery, the rotation of the
"earth, and the relative courſe of the
"planets to the ſun; planets, which
"to us appear only as larger ſtars, but
"which are inhabited, for aught we
"know, by beings, either like ourſelves,
"or better fitted for the ſpheres where
"the Great Governor of the Univerſe has
"placed them. When we read periodi-
"cal works publiſhed many years ago,
"ſuch as the Spectator, the Tatler, and
"the Guardian, we cannot help remark-
"ing by all, that is, in thoſe writings
"addreſſed particularly to women, how
"limited their acquiſitions were then;
"yet, while we are convinced of this, it
"ſeems equally certain, by the ſatire
"pointed againſt them, that their faults
"were not leſs becauſe their ſimplicity
"and ignorance were greater; and thoſe
"who affect to believe, that the preſent age
"has loſt in virtue what it appears to have

"gained

" gained in refinement, may ſurely, by
" thoſe publications, be convinced, that
" there was as much ſilly vanity, as much
" malignant envy, exiſting then as now;
" and, as the errors of the head and heart
" were not leſs frequent, it does not ap-
" pear that ancient faſhions, though very
" different, were at all leſs extravagant
" than thoſe of the preſent day. But it
" is an unfailing ſource of declamation
" for moraliſts to aſſert, that the follies of
" their own times exceed thoſe of all
" others; whereas, I believe, human na-
" ture really varies but little, though both
" the mind and the perſon may be better
" and more becomingly dreſt, when
" reaſon is more attended to than pre-
" judices, which are diametrically againſt
" reaſon.

" For my own part, I have always ob-
" ſerved, that the moſt ignorant people of
" my acquaintance (I mean among thoſe
" who have had opportunities of infor-
" mation) have always been the moſt ill-
" tempered, proud, and unfeeling. It
" makes me impatient therefore, when I
hear

" hear cynical men cry out that women
" are rendered leſs eſtimable by acquiring
" knowledge; and if ever I am diſpoſed
" to ſay a rude thing, it is to a conſe-
" quential blockhead who cries—' Oh! I
" never deſire to ſee a woman that knows
" any thing beyond making a pudding or
" a ſhirt;—no good comes of your learn-
" ed ladies.'

" If it were ever worth while to argue
" with theſe men, who are generally ſel-
" fiſh, ignorant, and ſtupid themſelves,
" I would aſk them, whether domeſtic vir-
" tue and profound ignorance are inſepa-
" rable? and whether a woman makes a
" leſs companionable wife, or a more
" negligent mother, for being able to
" read and write her own language well,
" or even for underſtanding others?

" That female *ignorance* does *not* enſure
" domeſtic happineſs, I think a very little
" obſervation will convince us.—Milton
" is ſaid to have contemned every preten-
" ſion to knowledge in women, (pro-
" bably even the little that it was in his
days

"days the cuſtom to beſtow on them,)
"and, I ſuppoſe, he choſe his wives ac-
"cordingly. If we believe the account
"that is given of his family miſeries, it is
"impoſſible he could have choſen worſe.
"When reduced by blindneſs to depend
"on others to read to him, he was com-
"pelled to employ his daughters in the
"irkſome taſk of uttering continual
"ſounds to which they could affix no
"ideas. Surely he muſt have diſcovered,
"that thoſe unfortunate young women
"would have executed this irkſome taſk
"better had they underſtood what they
"read; he muſt certainly, even in the
"plenitude of his wonderful powers of
"mind, which ſeemed to lift him above
"humanity, have felt, that there were
"occaſions in which, '*One tongue*, is *not*
"enough for a woman.'

"I ſee, in ſome of the eſſays written
"fifty or ſixty years ago, a conſtant aſſo-
"ciation between the ideas affixed to a
"woman of knowledge and a ſlattern.
"The latter character hardly exiſts now,
"at leaſt I have ſeldom met with it; and

"in

" in thoſe inſtances where I have ſeen it,
" that vice (for perſonal neglect is a vice)
" has never once belonged to perſons
" whom I call well informed. The moſt
" remarkable inſtance I ever have ſeen
" was in an individual, who, without one
" virtue, had this concealed vice, with
" many others; who, with pretenſions to
" knowledge, was *mainly ignorant*, and
" with extravagant profuſion in her ap-
" pearance, was diſguſtingly fluttiſh; but
" her knowledge was like her delicacy—
" both were on the ſurface. Had her
" mind been really cultivated and well
" regulated, ſhe would have been leſs ex-
" penſive, but more truly elegant in perſo-
" nal neatneſs."

Col. Cecil. You deny then, that the frivolity of the preſent age is owing to the ornamental education given to young women?

Mrs. Woodfield. Poſitively; but I deny firſt the charge of peculiar frivolity; I think we learn a ſort of cant upon all theſe ſubjects, which having once learned

we

we repeat, and teach others to repeat, without ever conſidering whether it be true or no.

That it is not knowledge and accompliſhments make women either frivolous or pedantic, let me bring one inſtance, which you will acknowledge to be a caſe in point, becauſe you *know* the perſon to whom I ſhall allude.

We will call her Dorinda, which is a pretty romantic name. This lady had juſt ſuch an education as other people have; but ſhe was either ſo ſtupid or ſo idle, that ſhe never even learned to write well enough to compoſe a common letter; however, as ſhe became a very fine lady, ſhe contrived to eſcape from the neceſſity of writing at all, and with a ſort of deciſive arrogance (to which ſhe had certainly very little pretenſions) ſhe affected to glory in her ignorance, and to ſay, that ſhe would not be like Mrs. —or Miſs— for the world; they were alarming *to a degree* with their violent wiſdom.

At

At length, however, among the variety of people ſhe became acquainted with, ſhe happened to know two or three women of faſhion, who were literary, and otherwiſe had the reputation of accompliſhments. Dorinda, whoſe great foible is her vanity, did not like to be ſo much inferior as ſhe found herſelf. What was to be done? There was no hope of recovering the time ſhe had loſt; it was impoſſible to ſpare a moment now, from the various duties of the toilet, the breakfaſt table, (where ſome "charming pleaſant creatures" always aſſembled at two o'clock,) and the evening racket. But to hear Lady Louiſa and Miſs —— liſtened to as oracles, while ſhe ſat ſolitary and unnoticed,—that was not to be endured! It would have been better even to have ſeen Lady Louiſa and Miſs —— no more, though that would have been "vaſtly horrid," as they were "quite the rage."

While Dorinda was heſitating whether ſhe ſhould reſign the ſociety of theſe her acquaintance, or qualify herſelf to continue in it, the point was determined for her

her by one of thoſe *avant couriers* of the muſes one ſometimes ſees, (ſuch a man, I ſuppoſe, as Mr. Irby,) who, ſeeing a ſhewy-looking woman in this little aſſembly of "*beautiful* " blue ſtockings," ſuppoſed that whether ſhe came there as an *illumineé* or a *jolie femme*, a little flattery would in either caſe be acceptable.—He tried it, and ſoon found, that though Dorinda was willing to be a wit, where wit was in queſtion, ſhe was at preſent compelled to enact only a beauty. He diſcovered, and immediately communicated his diſcovery, that ſhe reſembled—Oh! the likeneſs was aſtoniſhing!—a celebrated antique buſt of Cleopatra!

Dorinda was delighted to hear it, though (as the tragedy of "All for Love," or the "World well loſt," had never been acted, ſince ſhe had been initiated into the world) ſhe had not a very clear notion who that ſame Cleopatra was.

As ſoon as ſhe got home, however, ſhe had recourſe to one of thoſe comfortable accommodating authors, who tell a great deal

deal in a neat pocket volume; and being aware that Cleopatra was a wit as well as a toaſt, her paſſion for the Belles Lettres became almoſt as great as her paſſion for *les belles parures*, and ſhe determined to reſemble her as much as ſhe could. In conſequence of which I have ſometimes ſurpriſed her with a folio before her, and have frequently heard her, when ſhe thought herſelf perfectly ſecure from detection, talking extremely like a *bas bleu*; none of her auditors ſuſpecting, that ſhe has in reality hardly more Engliſh than ſuffices to write her own name.

I think that it is but fair to ſuppoſe that if Dorinda had really known what ſhe found it neceſſary through vanity to affect, ſhe would have had a chance of correcting her heart while ſhe cultivated her mind; and with more real cauſe for proper pride, ſhe would not have been half ſo preſumptuous, overbearing, and inſolent as ſhe is now." If ſuch women are diſagreeable in ſociety, and diſgrace their families, it is not becauſe they know too much, but becauſe they are only pretenders;

tenders; and they ſerve no more as an argument againſt inſtructing women, than the impertinent and ridiculous puffs of quacks would ſerve as an argument againſt the ſtudy of phyſic.

Col. Cecil. I acknowledge the juſtice of your obſervation, and I think we may conclude, that the moſt deſirable of all things are, a good heart and a ſound underſtanding;—that ſort of ſenſe which enables us to know ourſelves and to judge candidly of others. A perſon who poſſeſſes theſe can hardly fail of being eſtimable and beloved, with the plaineſt education; without them, I am afraid, the pretenſions to ſuperior intelligence have often as ill an effect as a great number of ornaments have on a deformed perſon. I wiſh therefore *my* girls to attend to the regulation of their minds in the firſt inſtance, and to conſider the reſt as ſecondary.

From this converſation Mrs. Woodfield was called away to enter on a taſk, painful to her on more accounts than one.

This

This was, to engage ſome of the ſervants, who on the marriage of Caroline were to form her houſehold; particularly a young woman to be about her own perſon.

For this purpoſe, ſhe had engaged ſeveral friends in inquiries, and unhappily the various diſtreſſes that had fallen on private families within the two or three laſt years occaſioned to her the uneaſy undertaking of inquiring into the qualifications and liſtening to the mournful narratives of ſeveral candidates, while only one could ſucceed.

But all who offered were not of a deſcription to excite the concern or regret of Mrs. Woodfield; ſome appeared to expect as much attendance and as many indulgences as Caroline had herſelf been uſed to; ſome viſibly owed their fine complexions to the perfumer, which naturally created a doubt whether their characters might not equally receive a falſe gloſs; there were others whoſe phraſes and manners ſhewed that they were deeply read in the productions of circulating libraries;

braries; one even hinted that ſhe had a turn for works of imagination, and during her being out of place had compoſed a work in two volumes, which had been purchaſed by a great dealer in ſuch commodities. On this mincing gentlewoman, and on two thirds of the preceding, Mrs. Woodfield was not likely to beſtow a ſecond thought. She was well aware of the importance of ſetting out right to young houſekeepers, and was particularly anxious that the perſon who ſhould be immediately about her niece ſhould be of calm and modeſt manners, with good principles and good ſenſe; and be one who, without the ignorance of a common ſervant, ſhould have no affected refinement, nor have any of thoſe ideas that were likely to ſet her in her own opinion above the condition of life in which it was her lot to be placed.

At length a young woman preſented herſelf, with whoſe appearance and voice Mrs. Woodfield was greatly pleaſed; there was an air of dejection about her; but it was not the ſullen dejection of mortified pride;

pride; it ſeemed rather the languor of ſorrow almoſt reaſoned into reſignation. She ſaid her name was Ann Willows; that ſhe was the daughter of a reputable manufacturer in the country, who, having depended on an article of commerce now no longer in demand in foreign markets, on account of the war, and his own health having failed from the effects of vexation and diſappointment, he had conſented to let his daughters put themſelves into ſervice. There was no affectation of regret at having ſeen better days; but when on a farther inquiry into the ſtate of her family ſhe had occaſion to mention her mother, the poor girl, after an ineffectual effort to ſtifle her concern, burſt into a paſſion of tears.

Mrs. Woodfield. I am very ſorry I have made any inquiry that diſtreſſes you. I do not wiſh to know what it may give you pain to tell.

Ann. I beg your pardon, madam; the recollection of my poor mother does indeed overcome me. She was the ſtay

and ſupport of all us; and many a ſevere ſtruggle did ſhe make to keep us altogether; but in the circumſtances we were in, it was almoſt impoſſible, and ſome ladies, who were indeed very kind to us, perſuaded her to let my eldeſt ſiſter and myſelf go to ſervice.

Mrs. Woodfield. Then you have already been out?

Ann. Yes, madam, the ladies I ſpeak of were ſo kind as to recommend us both to ſituations which they thought very proper. My ſiſter has remained where they placed her ever ſince; but I have not been ſo fortunate.

Mrs. Woodfield. You returned, perhaps, to your mother?

Ann. No, madam; I did not even ſee her before ſhe died. The lady I lived with, though I was not very well qualified, as ſhe found afterwards, for her ſervice, declared to me, when I deſired leave to go ſee my poor mother after ſhe was given

given over, that ſhe expected a ſervant who was about *her* ſhould think of nothing but their attendance on her; ſhe ſaid I could do my mother no good; that I could not afford the expence of going.

Mrs. Woodfield. And of what age, and in what ſituation was this lady?

Ann. A ſingle lady, madam, of very large fortune. I believe ſhe is not more than four or five and twenty.

Mrs. Woodfield. Indeed!

Ann. Yes, madam. While I was in hopes to prevail upon her to grant me leave, (for my father would have paid the expence,) my mother died, madam; and then my ſiſter informed me, I had better not attempt to go home, becauſe I ſhould only add to the ſorrows of my half-diſtracted father, eſpecially if I loſt my place; for if he could not do for us while our dear mother lived, it was ſtill more unlikely that he could ſupport us when ſhe was gone.

Mrs. Woodfield. You were a numerous family, then?

Ann. Yes, madam, there were nine of us. My ſiſter Margaret and I were the two eldeſt; Suſan, the next, has very ill health, and therefore remained at home to take care of the reſt; for except the eldeſt of my brothers who is apprenticed in London, the other five are all too young to go out. The eldeſt of thoſe five is a girl of eleven years old. I am afraid, madam, that the fatigue of ſuch a family, in poverty too, which ſhe had not been uſed to bear, and her deſire to ſpare our poor Suſan, who was often rather another trouble than any help to her, altogether wore out the health of my mother; and I have ſometimes thought, that if either Margaret or I had ſtaid at home to have aſſiſted her, we ſhould not have loſt her as we did.

Mrs. Woodfield. It appears indeed to have been rather unfortunate, ſince you left your ſervice ſo ſoon afterwards, that you did not rather quit it, ſo as to have been

been of the uſe you think you might have been.

Ann. To be ſure, madam, it is quite uſeleſs to vex about it now; but I cannot help thinking it the more unfortunate, becauſe the lady I ſerved, though ſhe thought me ſo neceſſary about her juſt then, diſcovered a few months afterwards, on her going to Cheltenham, that I could not dreſs hair well enough for her place; ſhe told me, therefore, that ſhe ſhould not keep me, unleſs I could go to London, and learn hair dreſſing well enough to dreſs her for court; for ſhe was going to be married, and muſt have a ſervant quite perfect in dreſſing her. I deſired the ladies who had recommended me to her, to adviſe me how to act, for it was expected I ſhould go to town and be taught at my own expence: theſe friends of my family adviſed me by all means to go, and to keep my place at all events, becauſe, as my lady was going to be married to a baronet of very great fortune, they were ſure I ſhould have a better, eaſier, and more advantageous place than I had before;

before; eſpecially as my lady ſeemed to approve of my ſervices.

Mrs. Woodfield. I am afraid you did not find it ſo?

Ann. I had no opportunity of trying, madam; for though I came to London and placed myſelf with one of the moſt faſhionable hair-dreſſers, where I remained near two months, I did not return to the lady.

Mrs. Woodfield. That was ſtrange indeed; pray what was it owing to?

Ann. I was taken ill, madam, with the ſmall-pox, though I had always ſuppoſed I had gone through that diſorder in my infancy. Though I got the diſtemper better than was expected from the ſymptoms, I was very weak and ill afterwards. My lady, who came to town juſt as I began to recover a little ſtrength, would not however conſent to receive me. She ſaid ſhe could not bear to have ſick and moping people about her; that ſhe hated

to

to be plagued with them; and as ſhe was going a long journey to her huſband's ſeat in Wales, ſhe thought I ſhould be troubleſome to her:—ſo ſhe ſent me two guineas, and informed me, ſhe ſhould have no farther occaſion for me. The ladies who had before recommended me to her were very much concerned for me: I have ſince been much aſſiſted by the kindneſs of theſe ladies, who have engaged one of their tradeſmen to accommodate me with board, at an eaſy rate; and it was by their means that I heard, madam, you wanted a ſervant for a young lady.

Mrs. Woodfield. Theſe ladies then will, perhaps, give you a character?

Ann. Yes, madam; and it happens fortunately for me that they are in town for a few days. If you will be ſo good as to ſee them, I hope you will find that my character is not undeſerving your favour, if I am ſo happy as to ſuit you in other reſpects.

Prejudiced

Prejudiced in favour of this young perſon, Mrs. Woodfield immediately ſought the ladies to whom ſhe was referred; and one of them, after ſpeaking in very favourable terms of the object of her inquiry, thus deſcribed the miſtreſs whom ſhe had left:

"I am well pleaſed to find that Ann
"ſpoke nothing diſreſpectful of the pre-
"ſent Lady ***, but merely related mat-
"ter of fact; becauſe it is unbecoming
"in a young woman ſo ſituated to in-
"dulge reſentment or ſpeak ill of their
"employers: but I will ſay to you,
"madam, without any reſerve, that no-
"thing but the ſad ſituation of this poor
"girl's family could have made her
"ſtaying even ſo long as ſhe did deſirable
"for her. I was indeed in good hope,
"that when this lady married a man of
"large fortune, entered into more gene-
"ral ſociety, and had leſs time to brood
"over imaginary evils, or cheriſh that
"ſelfiſh diſpoſition that people often fall
"into when they have nobody to pleaſe

"but

" but themſelves—I ſay, that I did hope " this change in her own circumſtances " would made Lady *** more conſide- " rate of the people round her, or at " leaſt more generous; and therefore, my " ſiſter and I adviſed poor Ann to ſubmit " to the conditions ſhe propoſed, and " learn to dreſs hair (though I am afraid " not much good is often learned at " ſuch places); but I have been hear- " tily ſorry ſince that I ever gave ſuch " advice."

Mrs. Woodfield. You believe then that her diſmiſſion, madam, was incurred by no fault of her own?

Mrs. V——. That I will anſwer for, madam. I aſſure you, on the contrary, " that till Ann Willows lived with her, ſhe " never kept a ſervant ſix weeks. There was no end of her caprices and ill-humours; and as ſhe had nobody on whom they might be ſo eaſily vented as on her maid, I am ſure whoever lived with her muſt have had a great deal of

patience to bear with her at all. Why, ma'am, though ſhe is one of the vaineſt women in the world, ſhe never was ſatisfied with herſelf when ſhe was dreſſing to go out; and I have known her change her head-dreſs and take off her gown three or four times, ſometimes becauſe ſhe fancied ſhe looked like Miſs Such-a-one, a vulgar creature, ſhe ſaid, who had juſt ſuch a coloured feather on, or ſuch a made gown, at the laſt aſſembly; ſometimes becauſe ſhe fancied what ſhe had choſen was not ſo elegant as what one of her couſins would have, with whom ſhe uſed to go out. One of theſe couſins is extremely pretty; and often, when they have been ſetting out together to a ball, Miſs K—— (as ſhe was then) would take it into her head that ſhe diſliked her own dreſs, and would make them all wait while ſhe put on ſomething elſe that ſhe thought would make her look more like this *envied* couſin, though ſhe would not bear to be ſuppoſed to envy her. When theſe ſtorms happened, ſhe would bounce about the room, tear off her clothes,

throw

throw her cap at her maid, and daſh ſome other part of her dreſs on the floor; then look in the glaſs, and ſeeing her hair all out of curl, and her face diſtorted with rage, ſhe would throw herſelf into a ſort of fit, and declare ſhe was the moſt unfortunate creature in the world!

Mrs. Woodfield. It muſt indeed have been a difficult taſk for any one to ſerve ſuch a woman.

Mrs. V.——. Difficult, ma'am! it was almoſt impoſſible: beſides ſhe did not, as ſome odd-tempered people do, make her maids amends when ſhe uſed them ill; for with all this, and though ſhe was a ſingle woman with ſuch a large fortune, ſhe never was known to do a generous action.

Mrs. Woodfield. Her conduct towards the young woman you protect, madam, was certainly far from being either generous or humane.

On

On her return to her family, Mrs. Woodfield, after conſulting Caroline on the ſubject of the perſon ſhe meant to hire for her, related to her niece and her daughters the converſation that had paſſed at her viſit, and the character which Mrs. V—— had given of the poor girl's late miſtreſs.

Elizabeth. And is it poſſible, mamma, that ſuch a perſon is in the world without being deteſted by every body?

Mrs. Woodfield. She *is* deteſted wherever ſhe is known—I have no doubt.

Elizabeth. But you ſee there are people who call themſelves her friends; and then ſhe has married a man of fortune!

Mrs. Woodfield. Who will probably be thoroughly wretched: but ſurely, my dear girls, this is not the only inſtance in which you have ſeen, young as you are, fortune allowed to be a ſubſtitute for merit. The people who call themſelves friends to this unhappy tempered woman

woman are contented to curtſy to her in public places, to invite her to their aſſemblies, and to go to her's; they care not what is her diſpoſition, ſince ſhe cannot exerciſe it on them.

Henrietta. But there is ſomething ſo wicked, mamma, you have often told me, in being croſs and tormenting to ſervants; to poor creatures that are forced to bear all the ill-humour of the people they live with!

Mrs. Woodfield. There is, indeed, Henrietta: I know nothing that gives me ſo mean an idea of the head and heart of any one I converſe with as to obſerve even haughty and cold indifference towards their domeſtics. But, when poſitive ill-behaviour to them is added to ſuch unfeeling inſolence, I ſhun ſuch a perſon, as one who cannot in any inſtance be a fit aſſociate for a reaſonable being. That there are a great many bad people among ſervants, perhaps more than in any other claſs of humble life, cannot

cannot be diſputed; but among them there are many very worthy people, and many others who, but for the force of the bad example of thoſe above them, would have gone creditably and honeſtly through life, How can a man who indulges himſelf in the groſſeſt ſenſuality complain, that his footman drinks, games, and finally robs him? How can a woman like her we have juſt now been ſpeaking of, lament, or puniſh her cook who, perhaps in the heat of ſome culinary diſappointment, throws a knife at the kitchen-maid, or knocks the laundry-maid down with one of her irons?

There is nothing more pleaſing than the ſight of a family where the ſervants are attached to their employers. So good a deſcription is given of one of theſe families in a Spectator, that I could not make a more pleaſing picture: but I am able, from ſome very recent remarks, to point out an odious trick in the miſtreſs of a family, which is ſo managed as to be its very reverſe; I mean that of entertaining,

or

or rather of fatiguing, all companies with the hiſtory of her ſervants' faults. Since I have been in town, I have met again with a perſon of this ſort, whom I knew ſome years ago. As I am, in mixed company, a very patient liſtener, this notable body faſtened upon me, and I really thought ſhe had only commenced one of the ſame ſtories with which I uſed to be teaſed twelve years ago, for it was ſtill a lamentable tale, how her houſekeeper had cheated her, and how her own maid had left her at a moment's warning, not without violent ſuſpicion of having robbed her; with all the grounds of theſe ſuſpicions. As this unhappy being has a croaking voice, and a tedious way of uttering her words, I ſat in a moſt mortified ſtate till the card-tables were ready, which happily relieved me.

Let us profit from the obſervation of theſe vices, and theſe follies. I am well perſuaded that, in the ſervice of my Caroline, this poor Ann Willows will

will prove how good and mild a miſtreſs a perſon makes, who has always learned to do as ſhe would be done by—that firſt of all rules, which can never be too often repeated; while in our ſmaller menage, we will ſo conduct ourſelves, as that, while we never entertain *our* friends with the faults of our ſervants, our ſervants ſhall ſpeak only good of *us*, to theirs.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XI.

EULALIE.

A FEW days only were now to intervene before the marriage of Caroline and Mr. Haleſworth was to take place. He was under the neceſſity of going into Kent on ſome buſineſs with an old friend who lived there, and who was to be one of the truſtees to the ſettlements. His riding horſes were already ſent into the country; he therefore went in the Dover coach, which put him down near his friend's houſe, about twenty miles from London, and was to take him up at the ſame place the following day.

The following day, however, paſſed, and the next was far gone, and Mr. Haleſworth never arrived. Caroline was half angry; her little proud heart ſwelled at

at the idea of any thing like neglect: but ſhe endeavoured to appear quite unconcerned, though her eyes were continually turned towards the drawing-room door, after every rap at that of the ſtreet; and ſhe could hardly help anſwering peeviſhly when Henrietta and Ella, who were very fond of Mr. Haleſworth, repeated their queſtions as to his abſence, and their ſorrow at his long delay. "He promiſed "to go with us this morning," ſaid one of the little girls; "and now it is two "o'clock, and he will not come here to "day:—ſo we ſhall not go to ſee the "collection of birds he was to ſhew us."

Ella. Oh! dear, dear me! I wiſh he would come: nobody at all, except Mr. Haleſworth, ever play with Ella, or gives Ella any thing!

Elizabeth. How can you both be ſo tireſome? I really wonder mamma has patience with you.

Henrietta. Well, ſiſter; but indeed now we are all ſo dull and diſagreeable, that I heartily

I heartily wiſh I was in the country again, enjoying my own dear little garden; for here one muſt not ſtir without ſuch a ſuſs! and though we are always going to this place and that place, I begin to be tired of ſights.

Elizabeth. You know how much mamma diſlikes that ſort of diſcontent, Henrietta; and how often ſhe has told us, that nothing is half ſo troubleſome as people who, when they are in one place, are always fancying they ſhould be happier in another.

This converſation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Woodfield, who delivered to the ſilent penſive Caroline a letter ſhe had juſt received; it conſiſted of two or three ſides of paper, and came from Mr. Haleſworth: a circumſtance ſo unuſual, added to his abſence, made her of courſe imagine, notwithſtanding the cheerful countenance of her aunt, that ſomething extraordinary had happened; ſhe therefore retired to her own room to read

read it, and found the contents to be as follows:

To Mrs. Woodfield.

"You are, perhaps, deareſt madam, in ſome ſurpriſe that I have found any thing to delay my return to the ſpot where I left ſuch friends; *you* will not, however, condemn me, nor will my dear Caroline, when you have heard my ſtory, which I will make as brief as I can.

"I entered one of the Dover coaches on the morning of yeſterday, as I propoſed to do: there were four other paſſengers; two of them wounded ſubaltern officers from the continent, who ſeemed too much occupied by their own ſufferings, to attend to the look and manner of a foreigner, about eight and twenty, who, by his appearance, was either a Fleming or a Frenchman; and who ſeemed to me to be in a dying condition, yet he did not complain. The fourth paſſenger was a coarſe female peaſant, one of the loweſt of that claſs, who held in her arms a beautiful infant girl, about

ſeven

ſeven or eight months old, towards which the looks of the unhappy man were conſtantly directed, with ſuch an expreſſion of anguiſh, as ſoon diſcovered to me that the little creature belonged to him.

"I felt myſelf ſtrongly impelled to ſpeak to him; and at length, in ſhewing him ſuch little civilities as our ſituation allowed, I drew him from the languid ſilence he at firſt obſerved; and though he ſpoke but little, and with viſible effort, I thought I diſcovered by his manner and language that he was a man of ſome faſhion. He ſeemed ſtill, however, unwilling to ſpeak of himſelf; and when I inquired about the child, he anſwered with a deep ſigh that it was his; but he ſeemed unable to ſay more. The carriage ſtopped at an inn on the road to change horſes; and the poor man explained, as well as he could, to the perſon who held the infant, that ſhe ſhould take it out and feed it.—As I thought there was ſomething ſtupid, ſullen, and unpromiſing in the countenance of the woman, I went into the houſe with her to aſſiſt her in procuring

procuring more readily what her helpleſs charge might have occaſion for: the poor father ſtood leaning againſt the coach door after he had helped her out. When I had recommended the child to the woman of the houſe, I returned towards him, and deſired he would go in with me and take ſome refreſhment; he ſhook his head, as if to decline it: I preſſed him more earneſtly; and doubting much whether it was not from neceſſity that he refuſed what he appeared greatly to need, I took him gently by the arm, and ſaid to him in French that he *muſt* oblige me—that I was going to drink coffee, and begged his company as a favour. The poor man looked at me—I ſhall never forget his look! In a moment his countenance changed, he ſtaggered two or three paces, and fainted in my arms.—I believed he was dead; but however, directing him to be laid on a bed, and anſwering to the people for every expence that might be incurred, I ſent for a ſurgeon to bleed him, who on examining his pulſe, ſaid he was in a fit which ſeemed to be the effect of inattention and weakneſs;

neſs; refuſing therefore to bleed him, he directed his temples to be chafed with ſpirits, and deſired we would attempt to make him ſwallow a few drops of ſome cordial: ſtill he remained inſenſible; and as the coachman refuſed to ſtay, I diſcharged his remaining demand for the nurſe, the infant, and its unfortunate father; and I determined to remain with the latter till he was recovered—the report and obſervation of the ſurgeon having convinced me, that attention and humanity alone could ſave the life of the unhappy ſtranger.

"After ſome time, he opened his eyes, but his ſenſes were wandering; he could not recollect where he was: he aſked wildly, what was become of his child? I ordered her to be brought to him; and the emotion he felt at the ſight of her ſeemed to reſtore, in ſome degree, his bewildered recollection.—"And you, "ſir," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to me, "I believe, are the gentleman I ſpoke to "juſt now; perhaps you think I am able "to afford the expence of being here—

"Good

"Good God! what am I to do? Let me "go, ſir, or I ſhall be again detained "for debt.—Sir, I entreat you not to "detain us."

"I was convinced from this, that ſome very bitter pecuniary diſtreſs had been the cauſe of the melancholy ſpectacle before us.

"It is unneceſſary to relate circumſtantially the means by which I at length ſucceeded in ſoothing the agonized mind of this poor ſufferer; and were it poſſible to deſcribe all that paſſed, the particulars would affect you too much.—Let me therefore haſten to tell you, that my new friend is a native of Dauphiné; and after a ſeries of calamities in which, ſevere as they have been, he has only participated with all thoſe of his countrymen who adhere to the royal cauſe, even thoſe who wiſhed for the conſtitution of 1791, he effected for the ſecond time his eſcape from France, with his wife whom he had been engaged to before the revolution, and whom he found on his returning

ſecretly

ſecretly into Dauphiné, in the utmoſt diſtreſs, having ſeen her family all either deſtroyed or diſperſed. My friend, the Marquis de Cideville, was fortunate enough to recover, by means of a maiden aunt, a conſiderable ſum in money and jewels, which his father had ſecured for him; and ſnatching his beloved miſtreſs from the cruel ſituation in which he had found her, they were married; and ſucceeded in reaching Hamburgh, with their property, though not without encountering many perils, which his wife endured with the moſt heroic fortitude.

" By an unfortunate accident, their baggage could not be received into the veſſel in which they embarked. They arrived ſafely in England with ſome part of their property: but every thing they had not about them, and particularly their plate, (in which, indeed, conſiſted more than half of what they poſſeſſed) was taken by the enemy; and they had then no dependence but a few jewels and about eighty pounds in ſpecie. On this ſum they ſtill hoped to live; and

with the utmoſt economy they attempted it; in a village in Kent, where they fixed for no other reaſon than to ſave the expence of removing farther; and there Madame de Cideville brought into the world this poor infant, whoſe birth would, under other circumſtances, have been the happineſs of her parents: as it was, they beheld her with a mixture of anguiſh and delight. Madame de Cideville, who was of a very delicate conſtitution, and had been educated in the lap of proſperity, exerted herſelf in the office of a nurſe; and at the ſame time, to ſave the expence of a ſervant, undertook much more, otherwiſe, than her ſtrength allowed; while her huſband endeavoured to add to their ſlender means, by undertaking to inſtruct children in a neighbouring town, for which purpoſe he was compelled to be often from home. From purſuing this occupation, however, he was ſoon obliged to deliſt, on obſerving his wife droop every day more and more. He engaged an apothecary in the neighbourhood to viſit her: what was his diſtraction, when he found it was this gentleman's

gentleman's opinion that ſhe was far gone in a decline! My unhappy acquaintance now removed to Canterbury; he hoped that by weaning her child, and by the advice he ſhould obtain there, he might ſave his lovely wife—the ſole conſolation he had, amidſt exile and poverty: but the arrow had fled! concern for his fate and that of her child, though ſhe ſtudiouſly concealed it from him, preyed on her mind, and accelerated the ravages of diſeaſe. "She died," ſaid the poor man to me, "ſhe died a week ſince, and left "me." For ſome moments he could ſay no more.

"When I had paid all the demands "upon me," continued he, "and had "determined to remove to London, I "had ſo little left, that I was afraid— "yes, I feared to ſatisfy even my own "hunger, leſt all ſhould be gone be- "fore I could find ſome means of pro- "viding for the child of my Eulalie.— "Where I was to find that proviſion I "knew not! I had no friends in Lon-

" don but thoſe who were as unfortunate " almoſt as I was!"

" It were needleſs to repeat to you, my dear Madam, the arguments I uſed to reconcile my new friend to the means I propoſed for his preſent accommodation; I found it neceſſary to remain with him, for he is yet unable to be removed. I have aſſured him I will engage the ladies of a family, to which I ſhall ſoon have the good fortune to belong, to ſuperintend the care of his little girl. I know I have not undertaken too much in making this promiſe! confirm it, deareſt Madam, as nothing will afford ſuch a cordial to the oppreſſed heart of my patient. I ſend this by a man I have hired from the * * * inn on the Kentiſh road, nine miles from London, where I ſhall await your advice; for I believe it would be better immediately to diſmiſs the woman who has now the care of my infant charge: ſhe ſeems mercenary and unfeeling; and though Mr. De Cideville has engaged her attendance, by paying her beforehand, I am afraid there is no dependance

pendance to be placed either on her honeſty or her care. Favour me with your advice, and let me hear that Caroline approves of what I have done.

" I am, dear Madam,

" Your ever devoted Servant,

" G. H."

Mrs. Woodfield (entering Caroline's room). Well, my love, you have read Mr. Haleſworth's letter: What ſhall we do to aſſiſt him?

Caroline (in tears). Dear aunt! you are a better judge of that than I am; but if I might propoſe——

Mrs. Woodfield. What, my dear Caroline? Speak; I am ſure your heart is in the right whenever you conſult it.

Caroline. If I were then to venture to mention any thing, it ſhould be a wiſh to take this poor baby under my own care: What can a man do with a little infant of that age, even if he could ſupport it? and unleſs it is immediately under the eye

eye of ſomebody intereſted for its welfare, it will, perhaps, pine and die.

Mrs. Woodfield. My dear girl, you anticipate my wiſhes; but I will make ſome little alteration in your plan: I will immediately go myſelf to the place where our good Samaritan is ſo humanely employed; you ſhall not accompany me, for reaſons which I think I need not name to you; I will take only my maid with with me, we will diſmiſs the woman who has now the care of the child, and bring it hither; and I will take it into the country with me for a few months, at leaſt till you are quite ſettled at * * * Hall. As I am not rich, I cannot, you know, undertake finally to provide for this poor little victim of misfortune; but in its early infancy the expence will be unfelt, and I know that our dear Haleſworth will take care, that in preſerving its life, we do not rather inflict an injury than confer a benefit, by leaving it afterwards an unprotected object of caſual pity.

Do

Do not imagine that in deciding thus, I have any doubt, my Caroline, of your tenderneſs and care towards the little orphan, nor of the pleaſure it would give you thus to participate and promote the benevolent intentions of Mr. Haleſworth, whoſe conduct, in this inſtance, is only another proof of what I have always thought, that he is *jeune homme, comme il n'y en a peu*; but we cannot always, even in points as laudable as this, gratify ourſelves.

You know that Mr. Haleſworth's mother is to paſs the ſummer with you, and you are aware that one great object of *his* life is to render what remains of *her's* happy, in which, above all other things, he expects you to be his aſſiſtant. Though I believe her to be a good and worthy woman, it is nevertheleſs poſſible that, as ſhe is afflicted with very bad health, and ſpirits deeply affected by the troubles of her former life, ſhe may not be pleaſed with the noiſe of an infant, or with the time you may be tempted to give to it.—Where your future happineſs is ſo deeply involved,

involved, we will riſk nothing; the little Eulalie therefore ſhall go with me, and not only for the reaſon I have already given, but for another, which I am ſure will have its weight with you.

Among the ornamental parts of modern education, it ſeems to me that the moſt uſeful is wholly neglected. Girls who are deſtined by nature to bring up children, are left wholly ignorant how to manage them; they are therefore unable either to ſee that their own are properly taken care of, or, if they do not themſelves become mothers, to be uſeful, as they may wiſh to be, in a thouſand inſtances, to their friends, or to the infant poor. It is true that this cannot always be taught, but I ſhall be very glad to have Elizabeth and Henrietta know the cares that are neceſſary during the infancy of a human being; and how much attention is required to its food, to perfect cleanlineſs, and to exerciſe and reſt; beſides that ſuch an undertaking will teach them vigilance, patience, and tenderneſs.

Caroline

Caroline acquieſced in her aunt's deciſion, and became impatient for her to haſten to the relief of Mr. Haleſworth's generous ſolicitudes, which ſhe now prepared to do. At the door of Caroline's apartment ſhe met Elizabeth, who had twice been in during their converſation, but had been told by her mother that they were buſy.

Mrs. Woodfield. Well, Elizabeth! do you want me? Go down, my dear, I am going to dreſs to go out: I will ſpeak to you before I go.

Elizabeth. Are we to go with you, mamma?

Mrs. Woodfield. No.

Elizabeth. My couſin Caroline then goes I ſuppoſe?

Mrs. Woodfield. No.

Elizabeth. My uncle then, perhaps? but he is not below, he has not been here to day.

Mrs. Woodfield. No, I am going alone.

Elizabeth (following her mother). But, mamma, I—may not I come, mamma, and ſit by while you dreſs, with my work? Or ſhall Henrietta and Ella bring their books?

Mrs. Woodfield. No, I ſhall not be a moment dreſſing, and have no time to attend to you this morning; but we will make it up to-morrow by longer leſſons. What is the matter, Elizabeth? you do not ſeem pleaſed.

Elizabeth. I have no right to be *diſ*pleaſed, mamma; but—I can't help being—being rather uneaſy.

Mrs. Woodfield. At what?

Elizabeth. Becauſe I am afraid ſomething is the matter that will make Caroline and my uncle, and of courſe all of us, very unhappy.

Mrs. Woodfield. And pray tell me what reaſon you have to think ſo?

Elizabeth. Why, becauſe Mr. Haleſworth, in the firſt place, is not come back as he promiſed; I know you had a letter *from* him, or *about* him to-day, which you gave Caroline to read, and ſhe hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Woodfield. Well! and what was there ſo extraordinary in that?

Elizabeth. Only, mamma, that you did not ſit down and talk to us as you generally do; but went away in a ſort of an hurry too, and gave ſome orders to Wrightſon, that put her all in a buſtle; then, when I came in twice to ſpeak to you, I found you talking very gravely to Caroline, and ſhe had been crying; and you ſent me away, mamma, which I am ſure you would not have done, if there was not ſomething the matter more than ordinary.

Mrs. Woodfield. So that, altogether, your curioſity has been raiſed, and has made you really uneaſy.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. I own it has mamma.

Mrs. Woodfield. You know, Elizabeth, I do not love reſtleſs and troubleſome curioſity about other people's affairs.

Elizabeth. Indeed, mamma, I never deſire to know any thing but what you think proper to tell me; and I am ſure I ſhould not have inquired what was the matter now, if I had not been concerned for people I love, and thought you ſeemed yourſelf uneaſy.

Mrs. Woodfield. I believe you, Elizabeth; in this inſtance, therefore, I will tell Caroline when I am gone to gratify your curioſity, as to the reaſon of my journey, and of Mr. Haleſworth's abſence; but I muſt take this occaſion of telling you, that, that I do not think you quite ſo free as I deſire you ſhould be from all miſplaced curioſity.—I have more than once remarked that you have eagerly inquired about people who could not in any way be intereſting to you, and have ſet the ſervant that makes your bed a goſſiping about the people who live over the

the way, and drive about in thoſe ſhewy equipages. Now, my dear child, reflect on the ill conſequence of ſuch things to you; inquiries of this ſort can hardly ever bring you any information worth having; and to indulge an inclination for them, is to give the firſt footing to a weakneſs, which often degenerates into a vice.

Whenever you feel this diſpoſition ariſe, ſay to yourſelf, what are theſe women to me? Of what conſequence is their going out or coming in, or whether they have one carriage or three? Have I nothing more worthy of my attention, than people whom I never ſaw before, and ſhall never ſee again? The time that I give to theſe frivolous and unprofitable queſtions might be beſtowed in making myſelf miſtreſs of ſubjects which enlighten the underſtanding, correct the heart, and give the power of contributing in ſociety to converſation more worthy of rational creatures, than the follies or extravagances of the moſt trifling and deſpicable of the human race. Recollect always a ſentence

ſentence I once made you all copy from the Aphoriſms of Lavater,—" Intem-" perate curioſity is empty and in conſtant." Prying intruſion may be ſuſpected of " whatever is little."

Nor is that all; in more weighty concerns this diſpoſition has produced the moſt fatal effects. " It is hardly credible," ſays Lord Bacon, " what diſturbance is " created in life by unprofitable curi-" oſity."

DIALOGUE XII.

THE ADIEU, AND RETURN HOME.

WITH the delicious conſciouſneſs of having done a good action—of having reſcued a fellow-creature from the moſt deplorable ſtate of deſpondence, and ſnatched his infant child from the ſad deſtiny to which its helpleſs age might now, and its defenceleſs ſex hereafter expoſe it, Mr. Haleſworth attended Mrs. Woodfield back to London. Mr. de Cideville accompanied them to a lodging in a neighbouring ſtreet, where they left him as calm as under ſuch circumſtances of recent and bitter affliction could be expected. The little girl Mrs. Woodfield received entirely under her own care: her daughters were delighted with the lovely child; and were more impatient than ever to return to their home, that they

they might enter upon the cares their mother aſſigned to them.

The day now came when the family were to ſeparate, when Caroline was to belong to *another* family, and to part from her father, her aunt, and all thoſe with whom ſhe had been accuſtomed to live,—for Colonel Cecil was going into the North, and Mrs. Woodfield preferred making her viſit to Mr. and Mrs. Haleſworth in the winter.

She attended her niece, however, to church where Colonel Cecil, with a trembling hand, gave to Mr. Haleſworth the being who was his whole treaſure on earth. Immediately on returning home, they ſeparated.—Mr. and Mrs. Haleſworth ſet out for the houſe of that friend near Windſor where his mother ſtill remained, as ſhe was to accompany them to their own houſe. Colonel Cecil got into the poſt chaiſe that was to carry him into Scotand, where he was to meet his ſon and one of his nephews; and Mrs. Woodfield, with Elizabeth, Henrietta, Ella,

Ella, and a ſervant who had the care of the infant Eulalie, began their journey towards the home from which they had been more than ſeven weeks abſent.

But, however delighted they were to return thither, the recent alteration in their family, and having ſo lately parted from friends ſo dearly beloved, prevented their being cheerful during many of the firſt miles they travelled; yet the reflections Mrs. Woodfield made, were far from being unpleaſant.

The deſtiny of Caroline, for whoſe welfare ſhe had always been tenderly ſolicitous, ſeemed to be now aſſured. Nothing but indiſcretion on her part could prevent her enjoying as great a portion of felicity as, in this ſtate of exiſtence, is to be expected.

It was therefore with infinite ſatisfaction her aunt had obſerved, that conviction of the truth of what ſhe had heard as to the characters of the perſons to whom ſhe

ſhe was once too fond of liſtening, and as perfect a perſuaſion of the merit of the man to whom ſhe was now united, had not only cured the little errors into which flattery had already led her; but ſhe had learned, from the weakneſs ſhe had been betrayed into, and of which ſhe was now aſhamed, leſſons that were likely to be eminently ſerviceable to her in the future conduct of her life. Thus, with the moſt agreeable proſpect in regard to one who was almoſt as dear to her as her own children, and ſeeing them all ſhe could wiſh, the ſatisfaction of the preſent moment over-balanced the many hours of anxiety and watchful care which her ſolicitous tenderneſs for them all, but above all her fears for Caroline, had occaſioned her to paſs.

Accuſtomed to feel an intereſt in the deſtiny of all thoſe who had once excited her ſympathy, Mrs. Woodfield reflected with pleaſure that Mr. Cideville was, by the good offices of her brother Colonel Cecil, placed in a ſituation ſuch as beſt ſuited his preſent circumſtances and diſ-

poſition;

poſition; and ſhe anticipated the comfort it would give him to ſee his little girl in ten or twelve months, when ſhe would be able to run about and liſp out his name, while he might look at her with tranquillity as to her future fate; Mr. Haleſworth having entered into an engagement to provide for her, which was irrevocable, unleſs in the event of her being reſtored to her father's property—an event too unlikely ever to be reckoned upon.

While the mother was thus indulging thoſe reflections which can alone bring delight to a benevolent heart, the children were beginning to admire the beauty of the country, now in the full bloom of ſummer beauty; and Elizabeth and Henrietta fondly looked forward to the pleaſures that awaited them at home, where they were expected by their younger brothers, who had paſſed the beginning of their ſummer holidays with a friend in the neighbourhood.

They figured to themſelves how much their return would comfort their poor penſioners

penſioners in the village, and how anxiouſly the ſervants who had been left in the houſe would liſten for their approach as the coach advanced over the common.

Such were the expectations of the young party—Ah! happy and enviable age! when the lively imagination promiſes, and the light heart ſuffers not itſelf to be diſappointed!

The mother was not leſs ſolicitous than the children to ſee thoſe who were to greet her arrival. The ſun was already ſinking behind the weſtern hills, but his almoſt horizontal rays beamed on the ſilvery bark of the beech-trees in an open wood through which they were paſſing, and the tender leaves of their lower branches appeared of a tranſparent green. Henrietta, looking through the front glaſſes of the coach, ſuddenly exclaimed, "Oh! there are the dear boys, there are "my brothers!" The drivers ſtopped, and the children were in a moment at the coach door. Hardly could they wait till it was opened, ſo eager were they

to

to ſee their mother and their ſiſters. Mrs. Woodfield embraced them both; and then, at the earneſt requeſt of her daughters, ſhe permitted them and Ella to get out and walk with Charles and Edward the reſt of the way, which was about half a mile.

Innumerable were now the queſtions that were eagerly put, and as quickly anſwered. The firſt inquiry of Henrietta was, what flowers were blown in her garden? and her youngeſt brother gave her a very ſatisfactory catalogue. Elizabeth was not leſs anxious about her birds and her poultry, which had been left in charge of a careful old ſervant; while little Ella, without any local attachments ſeemed pleaſed with nothing ſo much as with having regained the liberty of running upon the graſs, and playing without reſtraint in the fields.

A ſhort time ſufficed to aſſemble the whole family together at their beloved home. As they had paſſed through the laſt gate that led to the common where the

the houſe was ſituated, they met two or three poor women of the village, who, with their children, ſtood there to open the gate, and have the firſt ſight of their benefactreſs. The ſervants too, who had been left behind, expreſſed their ſatisfaction at the return of the family to which they were attached. When at length they all aſſembled at their ſimple ſupper, each gave an account of the ſituation in which they had found thoſe objects for which they were particularly intereſted.

Elizabeth. Mamma, I think I never recollect finding the country ſo beautiful as it is now. I, for my part, fancy myſelf quite in Paradiſe, and every thing ſeems to have gone on very well in our abſence: Rachael never had ſo many young chickens, Guinea fowls, and turkies, as ſhe has now; ſhe has hardly loſt one.

Henrietta. For my part, I believe there never were ſo many beautiful flowers in any part of the garden, but particularly in my little garden, as there are now.

now. The roſes, both red and white, are almoſt blown; beſides my roſe pompon, which is covered with bloſſoms. My border is full of pheaſant-eyed pinks and narciſſuſes; and I have a ſhower of honeyſuckles on the trees next the paliſades. Oh! mamma, how is it poſſible you could forbear going into the garden the moment you came home?

Mrs. Woodfield. Becauſe, my love, I had more important matters to attend to within the houſe: and you ſhall recollect, that it has always been one of my rules, as I wiſh it to be yours, firſt to fulfil my duty, that I may afterwards enjoy unalloyed pleaſure. This evening, therefore, I have given to an inquiry into the affairs of my houſe; and, what is yet more material, into thoſe of the poor people who have been accuſtomed to look up to me for advice and help, in the many exigencies to which induſtrious poverty is unavoidably expoſed in ſo hard a ſeaſon as the preſent when it is almoſt impoſſible for the poor man, with a family of children, to exiſt at all. You know

know that I cannot give much money to thoſe whom I wiſh to relieve, but there are many other ways in which I can help them: they have miſſed that help a great while, and charitable actions acquire a double value from being done quickly You who have never known, and can yet form no adequate idea of the preſſure of want at all, cannot gueſs how heavy it is on the heart of a father or a mother, who ſee around them a family of helpleſs children; you cannot imagine how much difference the delay of a few hours may make to them: and two inſtances have occurred in which my return was of the utmoſt importance to two poor families, who had neither the means nor the courage to write to me.—To them, therefore, I have firſt attended, that no more time may be loſt in the applications I am to make on their behalf; and having done ſo, and ſettled other matters of the ſame kind, I ſhall to-morrow be at liberty to enjoy the garden while the dew is yet on the flowers. You know how fond I am of a garden at all times; and I aſſure you, after having been ſo long in London,

London, I ſhall feel redoubled delight in looking at my ſhrubs, and trees, and flowers, now in all their beauty.

In paſſing through the inferior ſtreets of that immenſe town, I have often pitied the poor people who ſeem to have the ſame taſte, without the power of ever gratifying it; and very frequently I thought of thoſe deſcriptive lines:

" The moſt unfurniſh'd with the means of life,
" And they that never paſs their brick-wall bounds,
" To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
" Yet feel the burning inſtinct. Over head
" Suſpend their crazy boxes, planked thick
" And water'd duly. There pitcher ſtands
" A fragment: and the ſpoutleſs tea-pot there;
" Sad witneſſes, how cloſe-pent man regrets
" The country; with what ardour he contrives
" A peep at Nature, when he can no more*."

Elizabeth. Indeed the picture is exactly drawn, mamma, and very often have I thought of it too: but I not only fancy the condition of the poor very ſad, who are ſhut up in places that appear to us not much better than priſons, but I feel no great diſpoſition to envy even

* The Taſk.

rich and fine people who live always in London.

Mrs. Woodfield. But there are none of that deſcription that do; for in the middle of ſummer, you know, and in autumn, nobody of faſhion ever thinks of remaining there, though probably the habit of living always in a great deal of company prevents much real change in their manner of life, except that of place: but people muſt conform to the cuſtoms impoſed upon them by their ſituation; and a young perſon of high rank would be as unhappy if ſhe could not enter with pleaſure into ſociety, as you would be were you never allowed the freedom of planting your own flowers, and rambling, when your buſineſs of reading, work, writing, and drawing is done, among the fields and woods with your brothers. After all, perhaps, local attachments are the cauſes of more pain than pleaſure; and the trueſt wiſdom certainly is to learn content, in whatever condition of life our lot happens to fall. A very ſenſible author ſays, "*He is happy,*

"*whoſe*

" *whoſe circumſtances ſuit his temper; but*
" *he is ſtill happier who can ſuit his tem-*
" *per to his circumſtances:*"—which is undoubtedly true. Still, were I to chooſe for you what would, in my opinion, be the happieſt fate, I ſhould place it in competence, and in the power of enjoying that competence in the country.

" God made the country, and man made the town,"

exclaims our favourite moraliſt, who ſeems to have himſelf the trueſt reliſh for the tranquil ſcenes he delights to deſcribe:

" Our groves were planted to conſole at noon
" the penſive wanderer in their ſhades. At eve,
" The moon-beams, ſliding ſoftly in between
" The ſleeping leaves, is all the light they wiſh:
" Birds warbling all their muſic."

And it was in yielding to theſe ideas of happineſs, which the perſon who wrote it was very far from having the means of realizing,) that the ſonnet was compoſed, which I will repeat to you before we wiſh one another good-night:

" He may be envied, who, with tranquil breaſt,
" Can wander in the wild and woodland ſcene,
" Where ſhadowy foreſts, and the coppices green,
" By ſummer's glowing hands are newly dreſt:

" Who, unpurſu'd by care, can paſs his hours,
" Where briony and woodbine fringe the trees,
" On thymy banks repoſing: while the bees
" Murmur their " fairy tunes in praiſe of flowers."
" Or, on the rock, with ivy clad, and fern
" That overhangs the oſier-whiſpering bed
" Of ſome clear ſtream, can bid his wiſhes turn
" From this vain world; and, by calm reaſon led,
" Learns, in retir'd ſecluſion, to poſſeſs,
" With friendſhip ſweten'd—rural happineſs!"

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THE END.